THE

NATIONAL CATHOLIC MAGAZINE

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SOUTH AMERICA'S HOPE

The interview with Bishop Manuel Larrain of Talca, Chile, by Doctor Gary MacEoin entitled "Latin America's Only Hope" (February) and the accompanying feature "THE SIGN's People of the Month" impressed me very much. Not only did you give a concise and concrete picture of the present situation in Latin America, but you also gave four living examples of what is being done at the moment to better the condition. .

In his list of the various groups and organizations sponsored by the United States, the United Nations, and Catholic lay missionary groups, I noticed the emphasis placed on the correct understanding of our two cultures. .

Concerning this point, I should like to stress how important I feel the inclusion of world history is in our educational program. If students are familiarized with history in an interesting and enthusiastic manner in their early years, they will long carry with themselves an avid interest in current affairs and a desire to explore their underlying meaning. . .

CAROL PIAZZA

WINONA, MINNESOTA

WHAT HUSBANDS WANT

. . . Thank you and very much for the article "What Every Husband Hopes For." (March) It should be in pamphlet form and given to just-married people, as well as on a couple of wedding anniversaries. Magnificent!

MRS. JOSEPHINE CHALLY

MORRIS, ILL.

JUST A HOUSEWIFE!

The article by Lillian Kaiser "Only a Housewife?" in your March issue is a gross misrepresentation of the facts about most modern housewives. Miss Kaiser is being very unfair.

She states her belief that all modern "housewives" are ashamed of this word. But for the most part she's wrong. Being a housewife and mother is a very important job. . .

"Just a housewife" or "only a house-

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MOTHER, WHERE D BABIES COME FROM

Can YOU answer that question in a way that will instill in your child a deep respect for parenthood and reverence for God for designing a beautiful plan of life?

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No hesitating or groping for words because EXACT WORDS are provided with FATHER as well as MOTHER in the picture.



WRITTEN TO SERVE A REAL NEED

The author, a former High School teacher, wrote first as a labor-of-love to answer his little six year old daughter, and used it later with his three other children. Their beautiful reactions to his story sent it to the publishers.

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The book is UNIQUE. With your child's name read into the blank spaces provided, the facts, as he gave them to his children, now become a warm personal message from you. It does the work for you, and gives the child the RIGHT

The book teaches that sex is God's plan for the perpetuation of life. This results in the proper attitude toward sex in the child's early years, a vital influence throughout life. It is PURPOSELY BRIEF (48 Pages) so as not to tire the

child. There are two sections-first, for the young child; the last, answers teen-agers' delicate questions, saving embar-rassing moments for both youth and parent.

Story Makes Children THINK

7-year-old girl: "God didn't forget anything, did He, Mommy?"-Boy of 6: "Daddy, I'll never be cross to Mommy again."-Teenage girl: "Mother, I never thought as much of you as I

FIRST IMPRESSIONS ARE LASTING ONES

Better early than late—if too early, the child simply will not grasp it all; if too late, he may get a tainted "first impression" which could warp his life. With this help, you get there first.

MOTHERS have remarked, "Who but this author would have thought of SUCH an approach to this delicate sub-ONLY \$1. ject?" Even GRANDMA eagerly orders for the little ones to beat the playmate to it.

HIGHLY ENDORSED BY PRIESTS

Excerpts from endorsements follow

"I certainly concur with your booklet's reverential approach."

The Rev. Fr. Francis L. Filas, S.J. Associate Professor of Theology Loyola University, Chicago

"We believe that the hopes of the author will be realized, and that the children of those parents who study the book will be spared the pitful experience which invariably comes to them when information of this type is ob-tained from the usual questionable sources."

The Rt. Rev. Msgr. E. J. Westenberger, Ph.D. Pastor, St. John's Parish, Green Bay, Wis.

Pastor, St. John's Parish, Green Bay, Wis. Excerpts from the Rt. Rev. Msgr. J. D. Conway's review of this book in the Catholic Messenger are as follows: "I don't mind giving him (the author) a free assist because this book well deserves a boost. It will prevent the curious little mind from experiment, shame, and a feeling of guilt. And above all, it will establish that confidence and frankness which is going to be so necessary 10 or 12 years later when real problems arise, and thus will save teen-agers from coming to me or some other priest with questions they wouldn't dare ask mother."

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Catholic Cravel League Dept. S 1841 Broadway, New York 23, N. Y. wife" are phrases used by people in the business world, not so much, as Miss Kaiser states, by housewives themselves.

MRS. RHODE BRAUT

NO WHITE RACE

PORTLAND, OREGON

Congratulations on an excellent piece on the unity of the human race. ("There Is No White Race," April). I've just finished reading it and was most impressed by the unusual approach that the author took.

MARTIN H. WORK
EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR
THE NATIONAL COUNCIL OF
CATHOLIC MEN

WASHINGTON, D.C.

THE SCHOOL QUESTION

Your editorial "Aid to Education" was excellent and welcome. (March) I am a member of Citizens for Educational Freedom, because I believe that the only way our civil rights in education will be obtained is by the concerted action of those citizens who believe in a nondiscriminatory education policy. It is citizens, accepting their responsibility to seek their civil rights, who can redress this injustice.

Your factual editorial should be helpful with those who say "It's unconstitutional; we're sorry." But with the "It's unconstitutional, hooray!" group, only members and votes count.

JOHN B. A. HOSTAGE

NASHUA, N. H.

I wholeheartedly agree with you that this matter of federal aid to parochial and private education does require "a maximum of calm and intelligent analysis and a minimum of fiery emotionalism."

These 6,800,000 pupils of non-public schools have as much right to this aid

as do the students in public supported schools. Since the taxes to support education will be obtained on an individual basis, the aid from them should also be given on this same basis. Through giving aid to the individual, the First Amendment to the Constitution would be upheld.

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MISS MARY CAROL MOU ST. CLOUD, MINNESOTA

LIBERAL-CONSERVATIVE

I have just finished reading your January issue and was disappointed with Dr. Neill's unfair treatment of the Conservative movement. ("Can a Catholic Be a Liberal?") It seems to me that the good doctor has small idea of the type of conservatism which Barry Goldwater and William Buckley expound or else he would not have treated it in in nineteenth-century context. As an avit reader of your so far unbiased magazine, I will be expecting an article which will give a true picture of conservatism.

WILLIAM GORMAN POUGHKEEPSIE, NEW YORK

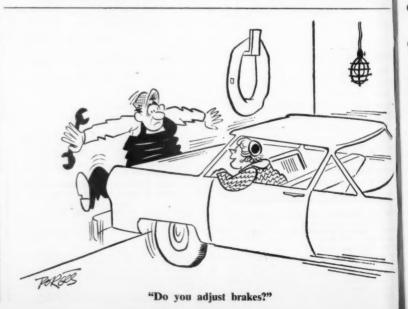
Please drop my name and address from your mailing list until such time as you see fit to give a qualified Conservative spokesman, "equal time."

Editorial policy is one thing. The Catholic Press showing only one side of the coin through feature articles is quite another.

JOHN SCHUMICE

COLUMBUS, OHIO

It seems to me that Dr. Thomas P. Neill has failed to mention one of the chief characteristics of the American Liberal, namely, his penchant for spending, in which he is often supported by big business, generally considered as being conservative. The American Liberal is wholly unconcerned about the national debt, deficit spending, and inflation. Since inflation depreciates and



destroys the savings of the people, be they in the form of saving accounts, pensions, or insurance, it is surely pertinent to ask if such spending policies are morally defensible by Catholics in the Senate or House or in any other position of influence. . . .

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And as this spending policy continues, is it not becoming more and more apparent that our kind liberals are rushing us headlong into statism, toward an omnipotent government which, in order to be as generous for our welfare with our money as it can be, is bound to rob us of our freedom, including that of the Catholic Church?

Let us work diligently for social justice emanating from Christian charity but not with self-styled liberals who may have changed their tactics but not their strategy.

ALBERT HOFMANN ELMHURST, N. Y.

I was surprised to read the adverse comments upon Dr. Thomas Neill's article in the January issue. It seemed to me that, of all the recent articles in the Catholic press on the Conservative-Liberal controversy, his essay was informative and moderate in tone.

Mrs. Charles B. Cannon Wilmette, Ill.

THE MEANING OF THE CROSS

I picked up the February issue of The Sign and opened to the article, "With a Flourish of Trumpets." I would like to thank you for opening up my heart to the true meaning of Lent. How many of us have forgotten the significance of the cross! How many of us fail to realize that it was for us—this Crucifixion. The Sign, through the words of the apostles, has recalled to my mind the meaning of Christ Crucified, the sorrow and the joy in knowing that Christ died for me.

MISS CAROL BEHRENS
COLUMBUS, OHIO

OUR NEW LOOK

Congratulations on the new look! THE SIGN has always been so good that I suppose the only word for what you have now achieved is perfection.

DAN HERR PRESIDENT, THOMAS MORE ASSOCIATION CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

THE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND

I would like to commend Father Gorman for his excellent editorial "Our Separated Brethren" in the February issue of THE SIGN.

As an ex-Anglican (indeed, of the ultramontane plane, or highest of the high anglo-Catholics, and an ex-postulant for Anglican "orders"), I have never lost a spirit of charity and love for that body of Christians, nor shall I. I believe that love and prayer and as much co-operation as possible be-

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difficulties of modern marriage. Complete facts on birth control, rhythm. MONSIGNOR KELLY, Director of N. Y. Family Life Bureau, combines experience, advice of doctors and family counselors, accepted Church doctrines. His book will help you find the true happiness that comes only to good Catholic families.

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tween us will eventually accomplish great good. . . .

As the grandson of a minister and an ex-Anglican, I know (and I'm sure you do) that the Church of Scotland is very definitely established. You indicate otherwise. Queen Elizabeth II is the head of the Established Church of Scotland, which is not Anglican, but Presbyterian. Hence, in Scotland, she follows Knox; in England, the Book of Common Prayer.

The Anglican communion within Scotland is known as "The Episcopal Church in Scotland."

TREVOR WYATT MOORE BARBERTON, OHIO

HONOR TO MR. BOLAND

We were pleased to read the excellent article on Mr. Frederick H. Boland, President of the General Assembly of the United Nations, in the March issue of THE SIGN. Mr. Boland's accomplishments will be recognized by Bellarmine College when it bestows on him its Bellarmine Medal for 1961, on May 13....

EUGENE J. HUNCKLER ASSISTANT DIRECTOR OF COLLEGE RELATIONS BELLARMINE COLLEGE

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We want you to know how very much we appreciate our gift subscription to THE SIGN. Many excellent pictures from it have been clipped, mounted on mats, and added to our circulating collection. The views of foreign missions have been especially useful and appreciated by many of the school-teachers.

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MARCH WINDFALL

The March, 1961 issue is very informative and interesting.

I hope it will be always possible to have such fine Catholic literature in our home.

ANN MORLEY

PENSACOLA, FLA.

A FAN IN ALGERIA

magazine and are probably your star salesmen in Algeria—don't dim any of our self-directed glory by saying we are the only subscriber—and if we had the funds we would subscribe for the underdeveloped people who are not on your list

I am especially happy to see such people as Red Smith contributing to THE SIGN . . .

JOHN T. CROWLEY

ALGIERS, ALGERIA.

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Writer-photographer team Gary MacEoin left, and Ed Lettau begin their revealing reports on Latin America-p. 7

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Two Church-State Errors

EBATE on the school question has highlighted two errors which are accepted as gospel truth by many who should know better. The first is that separation of church and state is a principle enunciated in the Constitution and the First Amendment and that it demands complete separation of religion from the state and the education of the child.

In the thirteen colonies, which became states after the Revolutionary War, there was no such thing as separation of church and state. Ten colonies had established churches, and the other three granted special privileges to certain churches. After the war, five states disestablished the Anglican Church, not because of any principle of separation of church and state, but because it was English. So, at the time of the Constitutional Convention, five states had established churches, and all states granted Protestant churches special benefits and had religious tests for office.

The authors of the Constitution and First Amendment were religious men. They considered religion necessary for private and public morality. They were quite accustomed to established churches on the state level. On the national level, they were faced with the practical impossibility of selecting one church out of many contending Protestant sects. So they decided to do the only thing they could do—select none. They wrote their decision in the First Amendment, which reads: "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion or prohibiting the free exercise thereof."

No one knew better than Madison the meaning of the First Amendment, and he explained it simply, "that Congress should not establish a religion and enforce the legal observance of it by law, nor compel men to worship God in any manner contrary to their conscience."

It is all as simple as that. The First Amendment wasn't based on hostility to religion, it didn't favor secularism, it didn't prevent the states from having established churches and helping church schools, it wasn't based on any so-called "American principle of separation of church and state." If one Protestant sect had predominated in all the states, there is little doubt that it would have become the established church of the United States.

The second error widely accepted is that the public school is the original type of American school

and that it alone is in harmony with our democratic principles.

MOI

In the thirteen colonies, there were three types of schools, all of them church or private schools in which religion was taught. Conditions continued the same after the War of Independence. The Northwest Ordinance, adopted by Congress in 1787, declared: "Religion, morality, and knowledge being necessary to good government and the happiness of mankind, schools and the means of education shall be forever encouraged." Note the words religion, schools, encouraged.

The authors of the Constitution couldn't conceive of education without religion and saw nothing wrong in the government's encouraging and promoting schools where religion was taught.

It was only after 1800 that public schools began to appear, and until mid-century even they were for the most part Protestant. They were "non-sectarian," which didn't mean they were "non-religious," but only that they were controlled by no particular sect and taught a sort of common-denominator Protestantism.

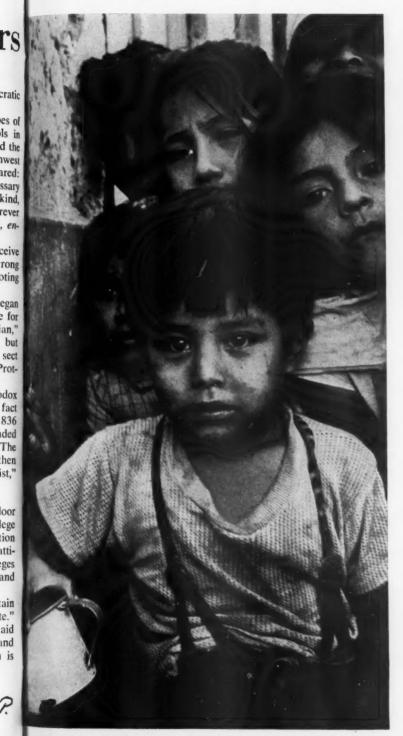
Finally it began to dawn on the more orthodox that this "non-sectarian" Protestantism was in fact Unitarianism and therefore sectarian. Between 1836 and 1875, fourteen state constitutions were amended to forbid state funds for non-public schools. The irony of this process is that "non-sectarian" then became "non-religious" and therefore "secularist," which again is sectarian.

HROUGH all this, Protestants kept the door open to state aid for schools on a college level, because practically all higher education was Protestant. This explains the difference in attitude even today toward government help to colleges and universities in contradistinction to primary and secondary schools.

The Constitution and First Amendment contain no such phrase as "separation of church and state." Neither do they contain "a clear prohibition" of aid to non-public schools. The assertion that private and religious schools are in some way un-American is an absurdity in the light of plain historical facts.

Father Ralph Gorman, CP.

MORE REVOLUTIONS ARE BREWING IN LATIN AMERICA. HERE IS A FIRST-HAND REPORT BY A SIGN WRITER-PHOTOGRAPHER TEAM



A HUNGRY CHILD. Boy in "milk-line" in a slum in Santiago, Chile, cries because there is not enough milk for a second cup for breakfast

Latin America's Eleventh Hour

BY GARY MACEOIN

PHOTOS BY ED LETTAU

On the second day of our month-long trip through South America, photographer Ed Lettau and I climbed a goat path to the summit of a conical hill which rose 300 or 400 feet above the surrounding countryside of Colombia.

The view from the top was breath-taking. The Medellin River runs a hundred miles through one of the world's most fertile valleys, between the western and central ranges of the Colombian Andes. Sugar cane, corn, beans, and potatoes grow on the flat lands; coffee and other tree crops, on the slopes that climb on each side to unaccessible peaks. We were in the most developed part of the valley, fifteen miles from the bustling industrial city of Medellin.

I had brought Lettau not to see the view, however, but to meet and photograph Gerardo Román, his wife, and their five children. Now, Lettau has been around quite a bit. He has done



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rich is sum privile, oblivio a fami, the pho and th food, a a comm picture stories for the THE SIGN in Japan, Pakistan, and Egypt. Yet he simply refused to believe that this tiny, windowless hut with palm-leaf roof hidden among some plantains was a human habitation.

It was grim—two small rooms, no beds, no tables, no furniture. Supper cooking on a fire outside consisted of a

pot of water-clear soup.

"There's a story here all right," Lettau commented, with some understatement. We will publish it in an early issue of THE SIGN, the story of millions of Latin Americans without land, education, or capital, many of them like the Románs living in inhuman conditions in the midst of plenty, many of them like the Románs raising sons who in their teens will have little choice but to go down to a life of degradation in fastnesses.

ERARDO ROMAN was but one of a host of informants during a fifteen-thousand-mile journey that took us all the way to Chile and Argentina. We talked to sophisticated statesmen, to scheming politicians, to driving industrialists and slumdwellers in the shadow of their factories, to owners of a hundred thousand acres and their illiterate workers who had never heard of Fidel Castro or John F. Kennedy.

Each in his own way contributed to the growth in us of a

sense of urgency but also a sense of hope.

Urgency is already apparent in the situation of the Románs. Population is growing rapidly, without any corresponding expansion of productive employment. It is not that Latin America lacks resources but simply that it is not organized to exploit them. While huge fertile tracts lie fallow, the tiny, peasant holdings are being subdivided to the point of barest subsistence. Those who can't get even an acre drift to the mushrooming slums of overgrown and relatively unproductive cities or join marauding bands of desperadoes who loot and murder under whatever flag may serve.

Urgency is added by the new awareness that ordinary people live better elsewhere. This does not result from living in full view of wealth. The extremes were always visible in Latin America. Rather is it the contribution of modern communications and propaganda. At least in a *rague and often distorted way, it is now part of the dream in each man's

heart, even the most remote and uninstructed.

Urgency further stems from the catalytic effect of Fidel Castro. I think this is a fact of history. No matter what may be his fate, no matter how much further his personal reputation may decline among Latin Americans, he has sounded the death knell of the old order. Change must come quickly in the power structure. If it does not come by evolution, it will surely come by revolution.

Let me try to explain. Power has traditionally resided in a small ruling class which controlled weath, knowledge, and the machinery of government. Land ownership has historically constituted its main source of power, but many of its members are today influential in commerce and, to a lesser

degree, in industry.

RICH AND POOR. The crisis of Latin America is summed up in these two photos. Top, one of the privileged families controlling great wealth, oblivious of the poverty of the masses. Bottom. a family of five live in this "house." When the photo was taken, the father was out seeking work and the mother and two children were seeking food, a day-to-day struggle. This dwelling is a common sight in Chile and the rest of the continent

Its ability to resist change is demonstrated by the current frustration of Colombia's land reform project. A year ago, a coalition government reflecting the entire range of organized political opinion drew up a moderate and urgently needed program. The president supports it. A huge majority in Congress supports it. The bishops, in an unprecedented move, issued a joint pastoral approving the specific proposals and urging quick implementation. Yet one man, Laureano Gomez, a twentieth century survival of the strong-man tradition, has blocked a vote, and it is the consensus of outraged opinion that no vote will be taken during 1961.

This reality of power, baffling to the United States observer, persists as obstinately under democratic forms as under open dictatorships. Nor is Colombia by any means the worst offender. Its ways are modern compared, for example, to those of its neighbors to the south, Ecuador and Peru.

But, as I just said, I believe that what I am describing is a corpse. To use a metaphor that may impinge more forcibly on the Latin than on the North American, it is like the bull whose heart has been pierced by the sword. He doesn't know he's dead, and he doesn't act dead. But he's dead. And Fidel Castro was the matador.

To understand how this happened, one must look at the other elements in the society. A new, dynamic group with different aims and interests has been emerging since World War II. The innovators are business executives, industry managers, professionals, intellectuals. Many came from the first class, bringing its prejudices and sense of exclusiveness, but their work and their dependence on the emerging middle class force them toward the future. Potentially, they are already stronger than the conservatives, but they have not yet developed common goals and ideals. Rather, they war violently among themselves about means and ends, protagonists of utopias from St. Thomas More to Mao Tse-tung.

ONSERVATIVES and innovators struggle for possession of the inert mass of Latin Americans, a great and growing number of whom live in subhuman conditions of hunger, dirt, and ignorance. The conservatives traditionally controlled their lives by the structure of society binding them to the estate on which they were born. Even when legal forms have been modernized, the realities often remain. American missionaries in Bolivia learned this fact a few years back when a landlord posse drove back to their "owners" a group of farm laborers they had organized in a land co-operative. And last year, three theoretically legal strikes on estates in Peru (one owned by a U.S. company) were broken by the army, with bloodshed and loss of life. The innovators are, nevertheless, penetrating this mass, not only where it spills over into the urban slums, but in the estate compounds of absentee landlords.

Castro electrified the innovators. When he first emerged as a hemisphere figure two years ago by proclaiming that his political victory was only a prelude to social revolution, his program was hailed by every member of this group, from the right-wing nationalists to the left-fringe Stalinists. Most of them at that time were sincerely convinced of the correctness of his analysis, the sincerity of his motives, and the propriety of his techniques.

United States prestige in Latin America fell to its lowest level ever during the following months, and even the ex-

GARY MACEOIN and ED LETTAU toured Latin America for a month for THE SIGN. Lawyer, Spanish scholar, and a veteran journalist, MacEoin has lived and worked in Latin America; his reports appear frequently in THE SIGN. Lettau is a free-lance, New York photographer whose picture stories appear regularly in THE SIGN.

tended tours of a vice-president and a president in turn did little for it. It is only since the fall of 1960 that Castro himself has eroded this solid support. Whether he did it by stupidity, by previous secret commitment to the Communist cause, or by the dynamic development of his situation is beside the point. He did it. And in the process, he unintentionally did a major kindness to the United States. He made many Latins re-examine their stereotype of us, and the exercise has had beneficial results.

Serious ambivalence in regard to Castro continues. His apparent strength is frightening. While I was down there, the Communist-Socialist candidate won a senate by-election in Buenos Aires in a sensational upset. The winning technique was dramatically simple. Every city wall and boarding was plastered with slogans proclaiming Castro and Cuba. It is impressive, when you reflect, that an election was fought and won exclusively on an issue removed by four thousand miles. The March elections for Congress in Chile likewise registered impressive gains for the Communists and Socialists and for the same reason.

I think, nevertheless, that Castro's real strength is less today than his apparent strength. I would put it like this. He never had any support from the conservatives. Among the innovators, only the party liners still back him. I was astonished at the range of opinion I found united against him in an antitotalitarian movement in Chile—old style, anticlerical Liberals, Christian Democrats, moderate Socialists, Anarchists. Some had been shaken by the attacks on the Church, some by the destruction of an independent press in Cuba, all by the mass exodus of intellectuals.

I should note that the moderate Socialists who reject Castro are minority or splinter groups. The major Socialist parties continue their long-established, tactical alliance with the Communists, and in many cases they are ideologically or at least strategically to the left of the Communists. The latter peddle the Khrushchev line of peaceful coexistence, while the former insist that only violence can unseat capitalism. Tactically, the Communists play up Russia; the Socialists, Yugoslavia and China. In practice, however, for nearly two years, they have soft-pedaled both their internal differences and their programs, to concentrate on glorifying Castro as the man of destiny.

While all intellectuals concurred in this judgment, as they did for the first eighteen months of the Cuban revolution, the impact on the third group, the uneducated mass, was tremendous. Vigorously illustrated popular publications blanketed those in the slums who could read. Radio and word of mouth reached remote rural areas. Though many live on a vegetative level with no knowledge of what happens in the world beyond their valley, great numbers were reached by this propaganda: lacking any perspective in which to judge it, they accepted it unquestioningly.

HERE has been little counter-propaganda in recent months from the disillusioned intellectuals, while the pro-Castro Socialists and Communists continue their barrage. That is why I said the pro-Castro sentiment appears stronger than it really is. The time-lag in the lower group works in his favor. As the democratic intellectuals assert themselves, the apparent solidarity will crumble.

The enormity of the need for counter-information to reach the masses was demonstrated for me in conversation with some youths in an agricultural school. A boy from the mountains of Bolivia answered my question. He knew who Castro was: he was a good man, who worked for the people and tried to improve their living conditions. His companions from Argentina and Chile nodded agreement. These were all boys from Catholic environments, picked for training as community leaders by their pastors, living in a boarding school

with a resident Catholic chaplain. They had heard only one version of the Castro story and naturally had believed to

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That version continues to be plugged by the Communist and their Socialist allies. Their methods are professional, and their funds seem limitless. The voice of the disillusioned even when they get together in opposition like the group met in Santiago, is less strident. Besides, their story is harde to project. When the Communists tell the people that Castn will lift them out of their misery, the listener wants to believe Nobody wants to hear that the promise was an illusion.

HE counter-story must be a gospel of hope for the masses—not a mere verbal message but the delivering of the goods. That is the urgency to which I have referred. What makes me optimistic is that I see a situation more favorable than ever for a quick, massive onslaught on poverty and ignorance.

I see many factors conspiring to create this encouraging situation. Most important, I believe, is the internal change in the Catholic Church. In just a few years, it has moved forcibly from the conservative position to that of the innovators, from timidity to leadership. Some of us needed Communism to jolt us out of our complacency, the bishop of Ecuador declared in a joint pastoral, which happened to be issued just when I was there. Because of the antisocial activities of some of the rich, they added, sudden and violem outbursts by the downtrodden Indians should come as no surprise.

The change is, however, not merely a matter of verbal record. It is reflected in a basic re-evaluation of the Church's position and activities in order to adjust them to its material possibilities and the needs of the community. This is emotionally difficult, because of the rigidly traditional attitudes of the clergy. It is also materially difficult because of the extreme poverty of the Church, the shortage of priests, and the often limited level of their education.

Some priests are so poor that they own a single cassock without a suit to go with it. Ownership of an automobile of jeep is usually unthinkable, even if the parish extends fifty miles from end to end or has twenty thousand inhabitants. Where the Church retains substantial nominal assets, they are often in unproductive forms, run-down buildings and churches, and undeveloped land requiring big capital investments. Efforts are being made to realize such assets and devote the proceeds to social purposes.

Notwithstanding these problems, the progress is impresive. The two most important and successful programs in Latin America to bring education and better living conditions to the rural masses were planned and executed by priests. These programs have in a few years passed from the pilot stage (where most Latin American social programs bog down) to the national level. They have trained many hundreds of leaders drawn from within the ranks of the peasants, each of whom is today bringing knowledge and hope to his neighbors. I refer to the People's Social Action in Colombia and the Institutes of Rural Education in Chile.

Community development in the modern sociological sense is the aim of the latter movement. Instead of sending in outside instructors, however, it selects potential leaders in the countryside and gives them intensive courses to equip them to function in their own villages. Sixteen hundred boys and nearly two thousand girls have been graduated from its institutes. Ed Lettau and I had an opportunity to see how they are trained and what they do afterward, and we hope to present some of this shortly in an illustrated story in The Sign.

Supporting and extending such initiatives are foreign missionaries who are today coming in considerable numbers particularly from the United States, bringing new techniques experimenting with new approaches, and opening up new horizons for the people they serve. In Peru and Bolivia, for example, their impact has been tremendous, both in the cities and in the high Andes. For the first time, they are creating modern parish centers with schools, hall, clinic, and social guidance office. They are developing credit unions, propagating techniques of home building and land improvement, and fostering crafts and peasant industries.

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Lettau and I were privileged to spend a few days with some priests of the Society of St. James the Apostle. Established just a few years ago by Cardinal Cushing of Boston, these missionaries are already making a noteworthy contribution in Peru and Bolivia alongside their old American colleagues. An article in our proposed series will portray their adjustments to strange environments and simultaneously outline the benefits already apparent as a result of their brief anostolate.

This is an aspect of the situation that can hardly be overstressed. The fields are ready for the harvest. Once a priest sets up a center to serve the material and spiritual needs of the people, the work fructifies with amazing speed. "Thanks to what the American priests have done in my diocese in just a few years. I'm no longer worried about Castro or the Communists." a Peruvian bishon told me. His diocese is high in the Andes, in an area in which Communists have been indoctrinating the Indians for many years.

Communist infiltration of the Indian groups of the high Andes is one of the wierdest, least-documented, and potentially dangerous elements in the Latin American picture. Ten years ago, an American anthropologist established contact in Ecuador with leaders of a group of 30.000 Indians who described themselves as Communists. They did not know who Stalin was, where or what Russia was, or what Marx had said. But they felt their landlords were exploiting them, and they wanted their own land. Communist agitators from Ouito had done the rest.

Since that time, considerable Communist leadership has been developed from among the Indians themselves. José Rojas, an Indian from the valley of Cochabamba, who claims he speaks no Spanish, though he lived for a time in Argentina, was elected to the Senate of Bolivia in 1956. He and people like him are thoroughly indoctrinated, and they are busily engaged in projecting dreams of a Communist Indian empire to rival that of their Inca forebears, who ruled all these lands from Colombia to Argentina.

Our recent presidential election is the last major element I think significant in the current situation in Latin America. Few events in this generation produced such an impact, and this for two reasons.

IGHTLY or wrongly, the Communist and Castroist line identifying the Republican Party with big business and exploitation was readily accepted by all opinion-making groups in Latin America, conservatives and innovators alike. They blamed our administration for the fall in the price of primary commodities in the past three years which cut Latin America's purchasing power at least 20 per cent. They felt that only a Democratic president, reviving the good-neighbor attitudes of the Roosevelt regime, would redress this imbalance.

Equally significant to them was the religious issue. "Yankee imperialism" has always been a many-headed monster, but a major element of opposition to American penetration has been the conviction that our culture is Protestant. They could not believe that the United States would ever elect a Catholic president. On election night, every house with a radio receiver was packed with neighbors, and they stayed up all night in disbelief as the returns shattered one of their basic tenets.

Today, by understandable reaction, they are ready to believe anything good about the United States. This is a danger but also an opportunity. JFK's policy projections at his inauguration and in his first presidential speech on relations with Latin America delighted them. Washington's recognition of the importance of culture by bringing Puerto Rican leaders into its inner councils was also welcome. If there were pained reactions at the size of the request for funds in the March message to Congress, they vanished when it became clear that the President was talking only about the first step.

And certainly all but the small group that stands to lose support his insistence that United States funds will in future benefit those who need help in Latin America. To sum up, the emotional climate was never so good for a continental onslaught on the continent's ills.

Latin American Indians may not know where Russia is, but they know they have been exploited. Agitators do the rest





THE THREAT. Street scenes in Santiago, Chile. Pro-Castro Socialists and Communists have flooded the gullible populace with spurious reform propaganda

Mayor Raymond Tucker cleared 700 acres of slums in St. Louis and gave the city new life —to say nothing of a reformed City Hall



Mayor Tucker, right, and aide, center, talk with a slum dweller about needed improvements. Tucker cares about people The Professor Who Saved St. Louis

BY SHIRLEY FELTMAN

AYMOND TUCKER is a professor who rebuilt a city. Since Tucker was elected mayor of St. Louis eight years ago, he has astonished professional politicians—and most of the city—by proving that an idealistic teacher could revive a decaying community. He also proved that such a leader could stay in office: Tucker has just been re-elected to a third term (a very unusual accomplishment in St. Louis). St. Louis today looks like a city recovering from a bombing: thousands of acres of slums are falling before the biggest slum-clearance program, by acreage, in the country. And the man responsible for it is a studious former college professor who speaks so softly his opponents call him "Mr. Peepers."

Now sixty-four, Mayor Tucker looks even more quietly preoccupied behind a pair of thin, rimless glasses than when he entered politics. In his large, almost cavernous, office in City Hall, he still surprises visitors who meet him for the

first time.

life

Some expect the typical hard-boiled mayor bred by machine politics. Instead, they meet a dapper and scholarly gentleman who works out solutions in idealistic language, like a mathematician doing problems for a college class on a blackboard. Others, who know he is the man "responsible more than any other for dragging St. Louis kicking and screaming into the twentieth century," as a Ford Foundation survey described Tucker, expect to meet a reforming spirit to match the revolution in St. Louis.

Instead, they meet a man who would rather talk about his seven grandchildren than his 700 acres of slum clearance completed so far. His aides will point out that Tucker, far from being a radical, is a third-generation St. Louisan who has lived in the old family home all but two years of his life and still attends the same church, Sts. Joseph and

Mary, where he was baptized.

Whatever the visitors' preconceptions, their reaction to a first meeting with Mayor Tucker is usually a question: How did this quiet, dignified man get mixed up in City Hall

politics?

Tucker entered politics by the back door, by way of a smoke-filled city rather than a smoke-filled room. While he was a mechanical engineering professor at Washington University in the 1930's, he was asked for advice on the city's smoke problem. St. Louis had the second worst air pollution in the country—coal fields across the Mississippi River in Illinois and factories in the city spewed so much dirt into the air that residents often could not see across the street. Tucker worked out a smoke elimination program and promptly became the city's first "smoke commissioner." He thought the title was a joke—he had no office, except a desk in a corner of the mayor's office, and a job that depended on dirt. His anti-smoke ordinance cleared the air in St. Louis and became a model for other cities, but he remained unknown in St. Louis politics.

City Hall then was a maze of politics and poverty. Lincoln Steffens had described St. Louis as "unmoved and unashamed" by "government of the people, by the rascals, for the rich." On one occasion, the city was kept in total darkness for days while the proper distribution of bribes on the light contract was being settled, complaining citizens being advised that they could go for light "where Mayor

Ziegenhein told them to go—to the moon."

Lines of needy people filled the mayor's office and City Hall applying for welfare: some brought baskets for food; many simply stood and talked about their troubles. Through them, Tucker came to understand the problems of the poor in St. Louis.

When Tucker returned to Washington University and became head of the mechanical engineering department, he thought he had seen the last of City Hall problems. Washington University, a wealthy private school in the suburbs of St. Louis, was a long way from both politics and poverty.

Occasionally, Tucker worked with other residents on citizens' committees, once to rewrite an outmoded city charter. But apathetic voters refused to pass the revision, and entrenched politicians blasted the people who wrote it. Like most St. Louisans, Tucker found it was safer to stay at home, with his son and daughter and his wife, Edythe, whom he had met on a college picnic while he was a scholar-ship student at St. Louis University.

In 1953, the mayor of St. Louis, too ill to seek re-election and worried by the spreading slums, asked Tucker to run for his office and attempt city-wide reform. It was not an easy decision: mountains of social and political debris had to be cleared. Tucker's salary would drop ten thousand dollars. (The mayor's salary was set in 1914.) And he knew political racketeers could be brutal to someone with reform ambitions. Finally, the mayor persuaded Tucker

to run at least in the primary.

City Hall veterans were startled by the appearance of the soft-spoken professor, hardly a typical St. Louis politician. (One time years ago, the city council was instantly emptied when a practical joker rushed into a session and yelled, "Mister, your saloon is on fire!") Although Tucker was a Democrat, the powerful Democratic machine controlling the city crashed down on him—only five of the city's twenty-eight wards would support his primary campaign. But the city's newspapers supported him. Tucker would go home from Washington University at night and see the St. Louis Post-Dispatch depicting cigar-chewing politicians creeping down back alleys plotting against him, not much of a cartoon exaggeration. With the newspapers' help, Jucker won the Democratic primary by a thin 1500 votes and then easily won the election.

HAT launched the mayor's career and started St. Louis on the road to recovery. Mayor Tucker and his young reform-minded aides moved in, and stale politicians moved out. "At first a lot of politicians came around for favors. The mayor gave them an appointment just like anybody else, but they didn't come back," a long-time guard at City Hall commented.

But outside of the mayor's office, politicians continued with business as usual. Not long after the mayor took office, the parliamentarian of the board of aldermen was shot to death in front of his home. Tucker would walk in to the board's chamber and find that some chairs were empty because members were jailed in the city workhouse for accepting bribes, while others were out tending their taverns.

SHIRLEY FELTMAN is a freelance writer in New York—transplanted from her home in St. Louis.

The mayor, who has a gentle laugh which comes from an ironic sense of humor rather than boisterous political bravado, managed to stay more amused than alarmed by the chaos around him and lectured to the board as if he were

talking to an unruly class.

As Tucker had foreseen, staggering problems faced him. Slums were growing at an alarming pace, fed by racial clashes in the Deep South and white hillbilly migrations from the Ozarks and border states. Over 50 per cent of the homes and apartments fell below minimum standards for decent housing. In downtown neighborhoods, eight to ten families shared one outside toilet. Few of the houses, built a hundred years ago, had shower or bath facilities, and many lacked inside plumbing-the city provided public baths and showers where people paid three cents for a towel and soap. Families coming into the city from the South rented a one-room apartment on the third floor for \$15 and got a rusty pipe for water and a window facing the next slum house. Absentee landlords collected rent from a real estate agent and usually did not even know the location of their property. It seemed that St. Louis, like a badly burned accident victim, could not recover—the scars were too deep, the decay too extensive.

Perhaps only a political amateur—or an idealistic college professor—would have attempted to clean up a half-century of decay. Tucker walked into City Hall each morning with the innocence of both and soon learned the hard facts

of political life.

"I supported public programs I sincerely believed were ideal," he says. "but the voters felt they were too drastic

and the entire program was killed."

He became a political realist—shrewder than most of the veterans. By organizing bipartisan citizens' committees to promote bond issues running into millions of dollars, he got

the money to start cleaning out the slums.

"Citizens have more confidence in their own people than in elected officials," he says dryly, then laughs quietly to himself as he thinks about the irony, like a professor who knows students are more likely to follow campus leaders than teachers. All over the city, he lectured rather stoically to the voters urging tax increases for city projects. St. Louis had a four million dollar deficit and had built nothing in twenty years. Convinced of his absolute sincerity, the public voted for permanent tax increases, sometimes by margins of eight to one. Professional politicians were amazed.

So completely did the people of St. Louis accept his honesty that few were surprised when he returned over \$7,000 of the funds donated to him for his re-election campaign because he had trimmed costs and thought the money rightfully should be returned to the people who gave it to

him.

Y NOW, most St. Louisans are accustomed to the mayor's professional ways, including his idealism. Tucker may argue for a bill insuring equality in public accommodations on the basis of "simple justice" or remind a group of business leaders that the problems of the poor are "as genuinely metropolitan" as city planning and other problems "which have more glamorous appeal." With one group he will press for a humane plan to relocate people displaced by slum clearance; with another, legislation to insure equal job opportunities for Negroes.

When the president of the local restaurant association recently asked if the city would prosecute sit-in demonstrators. Mayor Tucker replied, "What we like to call the American way of life has as its cornerstone the concept of liberty and equality for all our citizens." And he urged all restaurant operators in St. Louis to voluntarily stop "dis-

criminatory practices."

At meetings of Catholics, it is not unusual for Mayor Tucker to plead for more participation in government as a "moral responsibility" and use the encyclicals of the popes to back his stand.

Between meetings, he prepares for weekly televised press conferences explaining new projects to St. Louisans and answering their questions. ("When the citizens are not well informed they fall victim to hypocrites.") Twice a day, he holds a press conference for city reporters, often joking with them about the formal announcements issued from the mayor's office. When he handed them news of his campaign for a third term, he commented dryly. "I only hope my speeches on television this campaign don't follow the commercials for 'Gravy Train' dog food again."

HEN NOT occupied with the many pressing problems in St. Louis, the mavor travels across country. One day he will fly to Washington to urge a congressional committee to vote funds to fight "the ugly cancer of blight threatening the fundamental health of our cities." Then, the next day, he will fly to the West Coast to address a national meeting of the country's mayors. (He has just finished a term as their president.)

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Even his Sundays are crowded with the problems of St. Louis. He usually walks to Sts. Joseph and Mary Church, his neighborhood parish, and often stops by St. Louis Cathedral, where he visits with his close friend, Joseph Cardinal Ritter, Archbishop of St. Louis. After Mass, the mayor occasionally drives through town in an unmarked police car to check slum demolition and talk to the people being re-

located or visit public housing units.

Responding to his informality, the people easily talk to him about their problems. Most of those in the sprawling, dismal slums of St. Louis are sharecroppers or hillbillies who expect to stay only until they get enough money to move farther north or into a better neighborhood or return home rich. Mayor Tucker knows that many will just stay there and need help. They will tell the mayor that in the South they never lived in a building higher than three floors and some of the eleven-story public housing units in St. Louis "seem like going to Heaven" or that in neighborhoods where Negro families are being relocated on a better block, other residents of the street are selling out en masse—moving vans haul Negro families into decent homes and other vans pass by hauling white families into the suburbs.

As Mayor Tucker walks through the new neighborhood parks the city is building in blocks on the fringe of slums, he stops to chat with the residents who live nearby and ask them how their house painting is coming or if the city has trimmed the trees on their block yet. He thinks rehabilitating old neighborhoods causes less family upheaval than de-

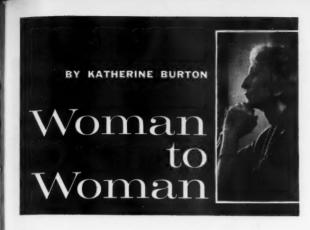
stroying slums.

From his office, Tucker can see new apartments which have replaced acres of slums, an eight-block park where a tenement jungle stood a few years ago. The city has completed nearly five thousand housing units in his administration. He knows the city has balanced its books and soon will start building more parks and playgrounds like these. But Mayor Tucker's problems do not end with the view from his office.

Beyond the park, the slum area is widening, moving north and west. Each day, new families filter into it from the South. "I doubt if any other community in the United States has as many problems as we have here in St. Louis," he says, as he scans the city's skyline and thinks over the

problems waiting for his attention.

Then, like a professor who has thought out most of the theories, he sits down behind the mayor's desk and quietly works out a solution.



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Theology for Everyone

For years I had the guilty feeling that I ought to know more—or rather, something—about theology, but I kept backing away instead of going into it intensively, because I was apprehensive that it was all beyond my ken. I knew I should never feel really right in a domain where pure thought was of the essence, where the intellect is guide. I should have known better, for years ago I knew Mother Bolton, who always said she built on the theology of Saint Thomas. But, since she wrote it in books for children, it never seemed like theology to me. I understood what she said to them, but I never did connect it with my concepts of theology. A cloud of the unknowing put together, so I thought, by the knowing was blowing about me and obscuring things.

There are the religious pamphlets, of course—"simple explanations" of the tenets of the faith—but they have never gripped me, nor have the dozens of books by very minor prophets which keep pouring out and very often sound like the sermons one hears on Sundays, only longer. Now at last I realize that what I wanted was a good, down-to-earth explanation of what theology is, and not just arguments between theologians, which often seemed merely a dispute between people who were not always communicating with each other, much less with me. Now, through the reading of a layman's simple (in the best sense of the word) explanation of theology, the cloud is lifting.

Occasionally I did reread some of Mother Bolton's books for children—The Spiritual Way—and last year I read Sister Madeleva's book of her own life and lately the report of a brief statement by Frank Sheed. And for the first time I began to sense the awareness of all three that "God Himself is the very heart of theology," as Mr. Sheed phrased it, that it can be understood by the child and grownup, even though neither labels it by the terrifying name theology.

I feel the three have at last opened my eyes to what theology is—Mother Bolton years ago, Sister Madeleva last year, Mr. Sheed a week ago. It is as if they gave me the last pieces of a puzzle I have worked at for years and often put aside, because I did not have the pieces to complete it.

Reading and agreeing are still not always understanding: as Mr. Sheed said very clearly, "Before we can give, we must know." And certainly today it is necessary to give—material aid, of course, but also what the world needs just as much, spiritual aid, for it is a truly bewildered world and Catholics are not among the least bewildered. Worst of all, many don't know they are bewildered, and so it is appallingly true that you must understand before you can help.

Mother Bolton, building on the basis "for everything created there must be a Creater," made this clear to the child mind by having the child do his own thinking. After a child told her, for instance, what he needed to make a toy wagon, she would ask, "So you can't make something out of nothing?" And so she brought out the fact that only God

can do that. Her books should be reprinted and used today as texts in parochial schools, instead of the sometimes child-ish stuff the young people get there.

In the collegiate world, Sister Madeleva is president of St. Mary's College at Notre Dame. In her recent autobiography, she relates that, after she had used Cardinal Newman's *Idea of a University* as a textbook for a senior English class, she began to worry about the matter of no theology degrees for women. She tried to get several graduate colleges to start this and failed. So she opened a summer course at her own college and secured excellent professors to staff it. The school opened, and after fifteen years it is still going successfully. She puts the experiment succinctly thus: "Cardinal Newman is at St. Mary's; theology is the queen of sciences. No doubt Saint Thomas would be happy to contemplate there today their Thomistic minds and the home in which they honor his *Summa*."

And now we come to my third theological aid. Some weeks ago, Mr. Sheed gave a talk on the "Catholic Hour" on "What is Theology?" I had grown so weary of the very word that I did not listen to the talk. However, I later had the pleasure of reading it in the *Davenport Messenger*, which gave it a full-page spread. When I finished reading it, I knew I had not entirely realized what Mother Bolton and Sister Madeleva were saying. Mr. Sheed in a way saw my position when he said that theology is "cool and remote" for most of us. Their terms are no doubt clear to theologians and to some tall minds, but not to mine.

"We will begin," says Mr. Sheed with a deceptive simplicity, "by saying that the very heart of theology is God Himself." Then he attacks first of all the faulty explanations of the doctrine of the Trinity. He makes it very clear that the one about Saint Patrick and the shamrock does not explain it. Nor does he think the right answer to those who are offering objections to the doctrine is, "Ah, that is the mystery." He does not think there is much nourishment for the soul in mere words apart from their meaning, and he speaks of an added, and a grave duty: we must give this bread of life—this understanding of the Faith—to others. But we must understand what the doctrine is before we can give it to others. We must not merely follow a half understood routine in obedience to Mother Church. The intellect, the will, and the emotions can know this meaning, he says.

Mother Bolton on Saint Thomas, Sister Madeleva on Cardinal Newman, they were talking theology to me and I didn't know it. And here is Mr. Sheed after all these years, and tersely too, putting me straight on the Trinity. I did see but rather darkly. Mr. Sheed has made me feel that I can really understand at least some theology and go on to more. I hope someone publishes this small but vivid paper of his, and I keep thinking what a wonderful deacon he would make if the Church, at the coming council, restores that office to laymen.

THE SIGN • MAY, 1961



YOUSUF KARSH: His photos of Queen Elizabeth and Prince Philip adorn stamps

Photographer's Search for Greatness

A Visit with Yousuf Karsh BY DOUGLAS J. ROCHE

Yousuf Karsh, who is the world's greatest portrait photographer and an artistic perfectionist concerned with his place in history, shook his head in gentle despair. "Think of it," he said, "just twelve days to illustrate a book on such a gigantic subject as the Holy Land. I could have spent twelve months just choosing the light."

Karsh and I sat in his New York studio on a rainy Sunday morning, discussing the newly published *This Is The Holy Land*, in which the photographer recorded a pilgrimage with Bishop Fulton J. Sheen to the places in Palestine made holy by our Lord. The book, with text by H. V. Morton, seems certain to be as popular as *This Is Rome*, a similar work by the gifted triumvirate. This is the third venture for Karsh and Bishop Sheen: they collaborated on a striking depiction of the Holy

Sacrifice, *This Is The Mass*. Karsh hints that the series will continue, even though the bishop's heavy schedule permits him to give only a few days to each project.

In a profession filled with unusual people, to say the least, Karsh is eminent. A fifty-two-year-old Canadian of Armenian birth, he approaches his self-imposed assignment of photographing the world's great people with the dedication of a monk, the skill of a scientist, and the frenzy of a salesman. He is demanding, imperious, and aristocratic, on the one hand, and dignified, reserved, and courteous in an Old World sense, on the other.

Everything about Karsh suggests a grandiose style. He has three one-man shows, comprising seventy-five of his portraits, touring the world. (They are currently in Canada, the United States, and South Africa.) For the "Person to Person" TV program a couple of years ago, Ed Murrow interviewed Karsh in his pink stucco home surrounded by a bird sanctuary on five acres of land on the banks of the Rideau River outside Ottawa. Karsh gave his poetic study of Pope Pius XII, hands clasped in prayer, to the Holy See, and there have been twenty-two million lithographs made of it.

His drawing-room manners turn into a tiger's ferocity when he gets behind the camera. He yanked Churchill's cigar from his mouth and immortalized the British leader's smouldering outrage during the darkest days of World War II-a photograph, incidentally, which launched Karsh's international reputation. He scolded Artur Rubenstein for asking how long a portrait session would take. "Until we are both exhausted," said Karsh. He casually permitted King George VI to fix a blanket which was being used as a prop. And to the quick-tongued George Bernard Shaw, who told the photographer that five minutes should be enough to get a picture, the quick-tempered Karsh rejoined, "Mr. Shaw, if someone were to bind you hand and foot and gag you and tell you then to write a great play, would you be able to do it?"

POPE JOHN XXIII: "Warm and friendly"

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POPE PIUS XII: 22 million copies

If you asked Karsh to take your photograph, don't ask him how much it will cost. That question will immediately inform him that you can't afford it. Besides, he isn't seeking work. He is booked for the next three years. People have waited years to secure an appointment with him. Although Karsh's main studio is in Ottawa, he is seldom there. He ranges from country to country and maintains studios and equipment in New York, London, and Paris.

Karsh has captured the personality of cities and produced industrial photographs with a sense of artistry. But it is the portrait which is his first love, and it is in the portrait that he most precisely reveals himself as a noble man with a mission. More of this in a moment.

Cameras, lights, film, and photographs scattered around him, Karsh slouched in a leather chair before a vibrantly-colored background, which turned out to be pieces of leather skin for shoes arranged in a Mattise mood. Karsh is short and has brown eyes, and his head, bald on top, is outlined by a thick roll of curly, black hair. As he spoke, he often closed his eyes, as if to capture once again in his mind the scene he described.

We talked first about his collaboration with Bishop Sheen in the Holy Land.

"The thing that stands out most in my mind," he said, "is this great priest never losing an opportunity of trying to bring alive the legends of the Bible, telling his two grandnephews, who accompanied us on the trip, what Christ said at the very place where

they stood. The bishop expected the boys to learn their lessons, and they did. In fact, I found it a concentrated, postgraduate course for myself."

As an instance of how Bishop Sheen entered into the spirit of the book, Karsh related the story of one of the hundreds of pictures taken.

"I wanted a picture of the bishop preaching from the Mount of Beatitudes, Galilee. I arranged a location for the bishop to speak to a group of pilgrims, which he did most eloquently and with tremendous spontaneity and emotion. He spoke in English and French, halting as his words were translated into still other languages. Our Israeli chauffeurs and guards were in the group. Finally, I finished my photograph, and I whispered to the bishop in French, 'I have terminated, Excellency.' One of the Jewish lads came up to me afterward and said, 'Mr. Karsh, I'm so sorry you interrupted the bishop; he would have had a convert in his hands, had he carried on for another two minutes!'"

Karsh, who speaks Arabic, was appalled at the Israeli-Arab mutual hatred and astonished at the lack of harmony among Christians, especially evident during Holy Week. "If there is not harmony among Christians, how can we expect a meeting of hearts and minds among non-Christians?"

But the tempo of the work was too fast to permit extended contact with the people.

"To show you how fast we had to work: we took pictures at the Sea of Galilee, where the men fish the same way now as in the time of our Lord. After we were finished shooting, I told a fisherman that I would dearly love to taste some of this fish. So he started to cook just two, so we wouldn't have to wait too long. This meant a lot to me, but everyone was in too much of a hurry and we had to go. I saw the fish being cooked, but I didn't taste it."

The Rome book was also produced in less than two weeks, but Karsh did not find the assignment as difficult, because the spiritual character of the city is present everywhere in a serene manner. Then, too, his wife preceded him, making notes on the location and timing of lighting.

During other visits to Rome, Karsh had what he describes as the "supreme honor" of photographing Pius XII and John XXIII, and his portrait of Pius was also done under great pressure. "I did four pictures in black and white and color all in eighteen minutes. I have photographed Pope John twice, and in each case I had the time I needed."

Karsh then gave an interesting description of how each pope had affected him. "Pius was the apostle of peace. He spoke for the brotherhood of men and the fatherhood of God with rare eloquence. His work will live as long as men. While they are both men of heaven, Pope John strikes me as being a little closer to earth, if I may say so, because of his determination to learn at first hand as much as he can of the workers of the world, the prisoners, and all those to whom fate has seemed unkind. Pope John makes humorous and warm observations about himself. He said once: 'The Almighty knew seventy-seven years ago that I would be pope; could He not have made me a little more photogenic?' And I would like to think he meant: just to simplify Karsh's work."

Our talk swung naturally to the other portraits of the great which Karsh has made and which appear in his book *Portraits of Greatness*. And here Karsh leaned forward, his eyes glistening with the vitality of this subject for him.

"This book is one of the most glorious ever published in the history of photography. It is perfection. I worked on it not twelve days but twelve years. The book was my love, because I have decated my life to photographing the great and the near-great who have left their mark on the world

"I traveled to many parts of the globe to record the great humanitarian, scientist, philosopher, man of letters, artist, musician, painter. It is a unique opportunity that I have had, and I have the added responsibility of sharing this experience with the world. Dare I say that in this way I am contributing to contemporary history? I say this modestly, because this work is my duty. No one has, in so short a time, met so many great people in so many different fields and been able to share the experience in portraits."

Portraits of Greatness (Thomas Nelson & Sons) has sold 41,500 copies, a substantial number for a twenty-dollar book. It is handsomely printed on sheet-fed gravure, a painstaking process which Karsh himself supervised. The book was a sequel to Karsh's earlier Faces of Destiny (Ziff-Davis). Both books abound with insights into men and women who have stamped their names on history: Schweitzer, Frank Lloyd Wright, Eisenhower, De Gaulle, Nehru, Mme Chiang Kai-Shek, Bertrand Russell, Albert Camus, Laurence Olivier, Pablo Cassals, Grace Kelly, Jean Sibelius, Einstein, Helen Keller—and the two popes and Churchill.

Churchill, incidentally, was the only subject recorded twice in *Portraits of Greatness*, because in Karsh's view he is the greatest man in the last one thousand years. That superlative portrait of Churchill, scowling like a bulldog, without a doubt inspired the British people to fight on. It was, says Karsh, "the right picture at the right moment in history. These opportunities don't happen more than once." (Here we might note Churchill's acid comment when Karsh deftly deprived him of his cigar: "Well, you can make even a roaring lion stand still.")

I asked Karsh to define the greatness that he has roamed the world in search of, and his answer came without a moment's hesitation.

"We know that many men are often called great for reasons which do not appeal to all of us. True greatness, though, does not depend on riches or power or military glory. I think we can say the man is great who first discovers new truths, who crystallizes truths into a philosophy, who discovers something to lessen mankind's suffering, who fights for the world's freedom and saves it from tyranny. There is also the artist who enriches human life with beauty, with enduring works of music, with literature, with painting. There is another man who by his character, work, and example so impresses the people of his time that he lives thereafter in the hearts of mankind as a lasting influence for good. Such a man is Sir Alexander Fleming, who discovered penicillin and saved the lives, probably, of more people than any man who ever lived.

Karsh admits that his greatest interest lies in people who are not only great but good. And he pointed to Helen Keller.

"Of all the people I have met and photographed, (Continued on page 69)

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HELEN KELLER (FOREGROUND): "The sublimest example of human courage"



ALBERT SCHWEITZER: "The definitive picture"

PHOTOS @ KARSH, OTTAWA

CHURCHILL IN 1941 (RIGHT), AND 1956 "The greatest man in the last 1,000 years"





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The Story of a

"For better or for worse, for richer or for poorer, in sickness and in health . . . One in mind, one in heart, and one in affections. . . . When love is perfect, the sacrifice is complete."

Once comprehended, these eloquent phrases from the Catholic marriage ceremony are never forgotten. Not comprehending them, a bride and groom walk away from their wedding into a

dangerous future. We examine here the preparation for marriage of a girl named Noreen Paterson, of East Paterson, New Jersey, whose every act reveals her awareness of the beauty and challenge of marriage. The Sign commissioned Jacques Lowe to photograph Noreen through the nine months of her betrothal for this unique, pictorial record of a bride.

Eddie Twenty-one-year-old Edward

O'Brien: a struggle to begin married life coupled with a

zeal for success



Engagement "I . . . do declare and affirm that I will one day bind and oblige myself unto thee"



THE SIGN • MAY, 1961

Pre-Cana

Eddie and Noreen attended a pre-Cana marriage course for several weeks; this session was taught by couples



The love story of Noreen Paterson and Edward O'Brien began at a football dance in their senior year at Pope Pius XII High School, Passaic. N. J. Shortly after graduation in 1956, they knew they wanted to be married. But first. Noreen wanted to help her invalid father (who died in 1959) to put her younger sister through high school. She became a secretary. Eddie went to work for a chemical company, then joined the National Guard and spent a year in Texas. When he returned to his job, he began going to college at night for a degree in business management. Noreen's mother, Mrs. Mary Paterson, advised the couple not to wait as long as they had intended. So on the evening of November 7, 1959, Noreen and Eddie knelt before Father Edward Halloran on the altar of St. Leo's Church, East Paterson, for a solemn engagement ceremony (an old service which is enjoying a new popularity). The couple was admonished to prepare for the sacrament of matrimony "by a period of virtuous courtship." Afterward, they went down to the parish hall for an engagement party for sixty-five young friends and relatives who would not be invited to the wedding itself. Noreen set a wedding date for the following August 20-the first month in four years of careful saving that she and Eddie felt they could take the step without going into debt. They invited fifty guests and decided to pay the \$600 wedding expenses themselves. They enrolled in a pre-Cana marriage course and read three books: Three To Get Married, The Catholic Marriage Manual, and Cana is Forever. They bought \$2,000 worth of furniture and household goods and, six weeks before the wedding, rented a two-bedroom apartment for \$90 a month (they wanted an extra bedroom so they wouldn't have to move when their first baby came). With Eddie going to night school and doing National Guard duty as well as working, the couple saw each other usually only on weekends during the engagement period. Their dates were simple: a movie, bowling, a walk, visiting friends, a church dance. They kissed hello and good-by, but otherwise each avoided putting an emotional strain on the other. Noreen, who has always wanted to marry a Catholic, admits she tested Eddie on different occasions to see what his reaction would be. Coming up to her wedding day. she felt she had a reasonable idea of the way he thinks and what he hopes for in life. An intensely practical girl, Noreen didn't think she cooked or sewed well, but felt there were lesser qualities to bring to marriage than the primary qualities of love and sacrifice, patience and sympathy, understanding and kindness.



Furniture

The couple shopped carefully to furnish their apartment.
One Valentine's Day, they gave each other a set of dishes



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Wedding Ring

Noreen, who selected her own engagement ring, tries on wedding ring. Eddie chooses his for double-ring ceremony. Each paid for other's ring

Trousseau

Noreen bought most of her trousseau months before wedding so she would have time for spiritual reflection as the day approached





Shower

A month before her marriage, Noreen was "surprised" at a kitchen shower given by friends. It was a wonderful, funfilled evening of girlish chatter

Blessing of Home

Even before the wedding, Eddie and Noreen had their apartment blessed. Noreen wanted to have the place all fixed up, decided she couldn't, relaxed

Date

At a pond near Noreen's home—a favorite place for a date. They would sit for hours here and talk and dream of their future life together



Wedding Day

The long months and years are over. Now there is less than an hour until her world will be transformed. Everyone else in the house is jittery with excitement, but Noreen is relaxed and composed

The Ceremony

Noreen leaves a moment late, a bride's right

Fellow Sodalists meet Noreen at the entrance to the church

An attentive brother, James gives Noreen away

Bridal bouquet is left at statue of our Lady



Tear and a Smile

And now the parting. Suddenly, there is a tear in the eyes of mother and daughter as they spend a moment together before leaving the house. Then their silent communication over, a smile

A wistful young sister

as maid of honor



Prayer during the Mass that follows

The nuptial blessing for

husband and wife

Union with Christ in their marriage





The Bride

A radiant Noreen prepares to greet guests. Her gown is white satin with a chapel train and appliqués of lace. She designed the crown and it was made by her future brother-in-law

The Feast

Food is plentiful at the reception and Noreen, at the head of the table, makes sure everyone has enough. Toast to the bride was proposed by the best man

The Dancing

The solemnity is over, the ice is broken, and everyone knows everyone at the wedding. A happy and carefree bride and groom join in the dancing amid shouts and laughter





As all brides must, Noreen had to make a great many material preparations for her wedding. The right shoes, dresses that flatter her, the right kind of furniture for their apartment. Noreen seemed able to get these details over with early in her engagement period and this enabled her to spend more time contemplating her new role. She wanted to make a mental adjustment to her responsibilities before the wedding itself. Shortly after the formal engagement, she made a retreat and came out of it with a few observations. One of them was this: "Many wives complain about the demands made on them by housework and children, and I sympathize with them. But why did they get married, if they didn't want to handle these basic things? Marriage is full of children and work, and nobody ever kept this secret from the bride." Noreen considers that marriage is a vocation, her vocation, and she wants to succeed.

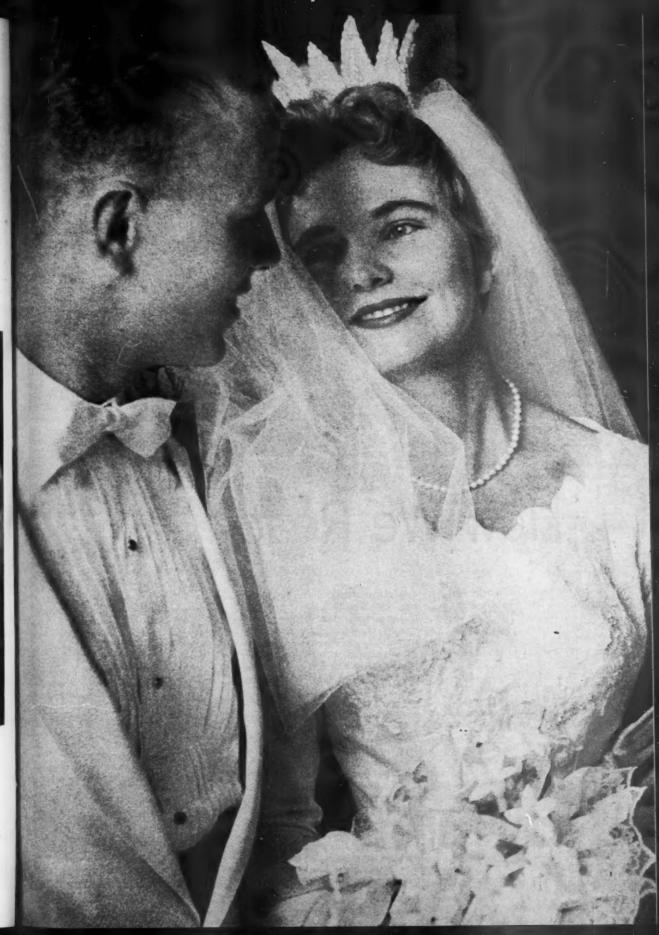


Their Faith

Noreen's Sodality gave statue of our Lady as a wedding present. After the wedding, the couple stopped off at their apartment to place it on altar

Their Future

Confidently in love, Noreen and Eddie face their future together. They prepared well for this moment, and now their happiness is complete



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This Is How We Read

he day has passed when there are any parents left who don't approve of reading for their children. But the day is yet to come when American children inevitably become early and enthusiastic readers.

There was a time when the reading American was a figure of scorn, the time when the frontier was a challenge and spectacular physical strength was needed to meet it. My own children just read a very good book about that situation. If I describe the book and the way our family read it, I will have told all I have ever learned, in practical experience, about helping children become readers. The book is William O. Steele's The Far Frontier, a 1959 publication. The reading was done by father to his family of bathed and tooth-brushed children, just about ready for bed.

These, simply, are our two suc-

cessful ingredients: the reading father and the specially selected book.

The pattern of our family reading was a casually evolving thing. We started, as millions of first-time parents have, with Little Golden books and their confreres. When the children outgrew these first picturebooks, there was nothing to take their place-the place of the inexpensive, attractive, and available book. The youngsters were not yet readers, and could not be expected to go out on their own and find books. If we personally ever made one clear-cut decision about our children and reading, it was at this moment. We decided to continue reading to them, although we knew that both finding the books and reading them would take effort.

Along about this point, father began to do the most important reading. Mother was often hurried and distracted when she read to preschoolers, and in no time at all school took the children off. Father, reading in the evening, had a full audience and didn't have to be rushed; if there were distractions in the house, he skipped book-reading.

The next thing was what he was to read. There is a strong temptation to read the classics and nothing but the classics. Their value is indisputable. But, after all, there aren't as many of them as there are children's interests and tastes. We suggest that the timely, good, new book is more appealing (and, hence, a better salesman for reading) to the contemporary American child. We don't read strictly informational books, because they are over-supported elsewhere in our scienceminded society (and a child can hardly miss having them offered to him sometime) but mainly because they do nothing to advance the child in the art of reading.

We cherish a book like *The Far Frontier*. It has the appeal of the typical new book—bright appearance, superior illustrations, and upto-date approach. And it has the excellences of the classic—exciting story, masterly characterizations, and a portion of human wisdom.

One good book has led us to another. When the beautiful new edition of Laura Ingalls Wilder's Little House books appeared, we read the first, Little House in the Big Woods, and proceeded eagerly and in good order through the other seven. Together, these autobiographical stories trace an adventurous pioneer childhood and give as vivid a picture of America in the vigorous, nineteenth-century westward push as a child will ever encounter. The books also catch the heart with their warmth.

ecently, we happened upon Hilda van Stockum's Friendly Gables, the third story about the large Mitchell family and the homely, and some times hilarious, things that happen to them.

When we read a fine book, we look for others by that author. Certain authors' names are by now definitely exciting: Lois Lenski, Scott Corbett, Beverly Cleary, Margaret Ann Hubbard, Mary Harris, Virginia Kahl, Alice Curtayne, Clyde Robert Bulla, Phyllis McGinley, Eleanor Farjeon, Leo Politi, Caryll Houselander, and on, to one-book authors we hope to meet again.

BY MARY LOUISE HECTOR

CURRENT FACT

Editorials in Pictures and Print

& COMMENT

Two Great Anniversaries

Pope John XXIII has announced he is preparing a new social encyclical. The occasion is the seventieth anniversary of Pope Leo XIII's immortal document *On the Condition of Labor* and the thirtieth anniversary of the equally great letter of Pope Pius XI *On Reconstructing the Social Order*. This is important news and indicates the Holy See will be taking a fresh look at the entire social question today.

Pope Leo XIII wrote his encyclical in 1891. The nineteenth century had been a period of remarkable industrial progress. Progress came as the fruit of the newly developed science applied to industrial production. New inventions powered by steam, gas, and electricity changed the economies of many Western nations. Communication became instantaneous by telegraph. Great industrial cities came into being. Manufacturing and commerce flourished.

The tragedy was that the new prosperity was unjustly distributed. Pope Leo XIII lamented, "A few exceedingly rich men have laid a yoke almost of slavery on the unnumbered masses of the non-owning workers." It was the era of slums, child labor, and mass unemployment. Pope Leo "took into his own hands the cause of the workingmen, 'surrendered, isolated, and defenseless to the callousness of employers and the greed of unrestrained competition.'" (Pius XI).

In reaction to these pressing evils, Karl Marx and the socialists sought to destroy the institution of private property and confer ownership of all wealth upon the state. Communists split on how to bring this about. Some wanted bloody revolution. Others thought peaceful means could effect the radical change. Both factions, through crass materialism, were headed for worse evils than those they sought to remedy.

Catholic thinkers were appalled by the views of the Socialists. But they were equally disturbed by the problems crying for solution. Throughout the nineteenth century they sought social reforms that steered between the evil of laissez-faire Liberalism, which destroyed social responsibility of governments and employers, and the evil of socialism, which would destroy private property and personal responsibility. The efforts of these Catholics were climaxed in the magnificent message of Leo XIII on May 15, 1891.

Pope Pius XI wrote his encyclical forty years later. The world was in the midst of the greatest depression in the history of modern industrial society. Millions were unemployed in Europe and the United States. Again, there was loose talk of revolution and the failure of the capitalist system. Again Rome spoke.

Pope Pius XI was scathing in denouncing the abuses that still persisted in the industrial world. He noted that financial scandals had a great part in causing the depression that

WITHOUT LASSIE. Jon Provost, the "Timmy" of "Lassie" TV-series, must face his teacher without his favorite dog

THE SIGN • MAY, 1961

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was shaking the foundations of society. He called for reforms that would imbed social justice and social charity into the inmost structure of economic life. It was his hope that labor, by earning a family living wage, would make work a source of family security instead of a cause of deep anxiety and fear.

Pope John XXIII confronts a world beset by new and equally disturbing problems. Technology has made tremendous strides. The industrial world must absorb workers displaced by the new automation. Developing nations seek to make rapid industrial strides and may use dangerous means in the process. World revolutions, conflicts of ideologies, collapse of the old Christian culture and the creation of a new one, and the relation of the eternal Church to the affairs of time present many fresh problems clamoring for current solutions. Once again, the wise moral counsel of the See of Peter is needed in a troubled world.

Private Education is Public

Debate over state aid to education promises to last a long time. To keep issues clear, it would help tremendously if we spoke of private and *state* schools rather than private versus *public* schools. Actually, both school systems are doing public work for the good of the community.

The Supreme Court expressed American tradition when it declared (*Pierce* vs. *Society of Sisters* in 1925) that parents cannot be compelled to send their children to state schools if they prefer to send them to private schools.

But whether in private or state schools, the children are being educated under the law of the land—under compulsory education laws. This is fair and reasonable. As Pope Pius XI remarked, "... the state can exact, and take measures to secure, that all its citizens have the necessary knowledge of their civic and political duties, and a certain degree of physical, intellectual, and moral culture, which, considering the condition of our times, is really necessary for the common good." (Letter on Christian Education.)

The condition of our times requires citizens to be educated. In the age of kings, our ancestors could neither read nor write. They were ill-equipped to share responsibilities of government. Monarchs, benevolent or otherwise, ruled over them. The king commanded his "subjects." The subjects' task was to obey.

Times have changed. Except in politically backward societies, such as Red Russia and Red China, people are trained to share in their own government. Educated people rightly demand that their voices be heard. As Pope Pius XII remarked, "When people call for 'democracy and better democracy' such a demand can have no other meaning than to place the citizen ever more in the position to hold his own personal opinion, to express it, and to make it prevail in a fashion conducive to the common good." (Christmas Message, 1944.)

The schools of the nation must educate youth to become responsible citizens in a democratic society. In reason, in history, and in the Constitution, Americans agree that such education, though necessary, need not be given exclusively in state-controlled schools. Private schools are also equipped to provide such education. When they do so, they become engaged in a public work. They discharge a public responsibility. They fulfill a public function. They help educate the youth of the nation toward full-fledged citizenship, "in order to promote the general welfare. . . ."

America harbors about forty-two-million young citizens in her elementary and high schools. Millions of these young citizens are taught in private schools. Catholic private schools alone account for 15 per cent of the national enrollment. In some areas, the parochial school enrollment is much greater: in New York City, 26 per cent; Chicago, 34 per cent: Philadelphia, 39 per cent; Pittsburgh, 42 per cent: New Orleans, 33 per cent. The state of Rhode Island has 31 per cent enrollment in its parochial schools. All these parochial schools carry on the basic public work of educating the youth of the nation for the common welfare. The National Defense Education Act of 1958 lamely recognized this fact of national existence. At least, it permitted loans to parochial schools in order to help them purchase equipment for their science departments.

The current debate arises over the state's obligation to apportion tax monies, not equally, but equitably, to all schools engaged in the public work of educating the nation's youth. Thus far, on the whole, the debate has been conducted seriously and without rancor. As the debate continues, we hope all interested parties will gradually come to an equitable adjustment of differences, with "charity and justice to all." To date, America is the only major Western democracy that lags behind the times in recognizing the public character of all education.

Harder Look for Americans?

Easy going Americans should take a harder look at life. American youth deserves a sterner system of education in order to contend with real life today.

When President Kennedy took office last January, he sounded a note of solemn warning to the American people. He said America has reached "an hour of national peril," that we are now approaching "the hour of maximum danger." Recent events have confirmed the President's observations.

Before the President took office, the Soviets had begun to act as though they already owned the world. They openly insulted President Eisenhower and cynically scuttled the Paris Summit Meeting. Khrushchev then came to the United States and, by boorish and arrogant ranting, sought to rule or ruin the United Nations. At the height of Cuban-U.S. tension last fall, he publicly assured Castro that Soviet missiles would back him. On January 6, addressing eighty-one Communist Party chiefs at Moscow, Khrushchev affirmed the Soviet policy to avoid all-out nuclear war but emphasized that the Kremlin supported all internal "wars of liberation" and would aid all such revolutions.

Within two months after taking office, the President twice found it necessary to go before the American people and explain the gravity of the international situation. On the two occasions, he publicly let the Soviets know America would meet force with force if the Soviets continued their mad policies in the Congo or in Laos.

Anything could happen these days. Are we being fair to American youth in the type of education we are giving them? Is George Kennan right that we should not take too firm a stand on the Berlin question because we are too soft to accept the stern consequences? Is Walter Millis right when he contends that the United States would probably acquiesce in Communist world-domination to avoid all-out nuclear war?

While Russian youth and Chinese youth are being educated for sterner tasks in life, is it fair to educate Americans with the accent on normality and comfort? Here is a problem of education that requires something more than "federal aid."

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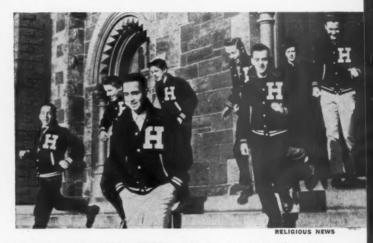
probderal DANGER SPOT. The Communists have the eyes of the world nervously watching another small country—Laos. The future of Laos concerns the SEATO countries, and they are watching to see what support they can hope for from alliance to which we belong. Khrushchev is also on trial—with the Chinese. He cannot afford to let them down, for the future of Laos concerns them. They can probably make a Laotian government difficult if not impossible. The President's strong stand is our best move



HUNGER. Reply to Morocco's famine: wheat "gift of the people of the United States of America"



YOUNG SCIENTIST. Rita Manak, of Cleveland's Lourdes Academy, was one of forty winners in the Westinghouse National Science Talent Search

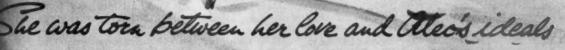


PEACE CORPS VOLUNTEERS. Members of the Hawks, a "juvenile decency" gang in Boston, have volunteered summers to President's Peace Corps, to work anywhere in world or host foreign youth



RECORD. The first time a Negro Catholic bishop ordained white seminarians in U.S., Bishop Remy Augustin, S.M.M., ordains seminarians in Litchfield, Conn. Bishop Augustin was exiled from Port-au-Prince by the Haitian government





- and a cry for helps

There on the living room table lay the three letters. Alec's, quite brief, saying how busy he was with final preparations but that, of course, he would be telephoning her. Mother's, explaining her telay in getting back to The Beach because of Aunt Sadie's still needing her. And—Val's. Imagine her writing after all these years. Val, of all people, conjuring up unhappy ghosts and casually taking a renewal of friendship for granted. Using scented notepaper; but then, Val was always too superficially sweet!

Val, it seemed, was driving down the coast to visit Meg Williams. Did Ely remember Meg? "I may have to stop overnight somewhere, and I see that when I get to Portcliffe Junction, I'll be quite near Thompson's Beach. Don't be surprised if I give you a call."

"What utter impertinence," Ely thought.

Somewhere a shutter banged. From the bungalow windows she could see the inward thrust of a sullen tide. The Beach seemed utterly desolate. If only her mother had come. If only Alec—but to think of him brought all the heartache back. Soon he would be telephoning, and how could she convey over an impersonal wire all she really felt? Vividly, she remembered

BY LESLIE GORDON BARNARD

sea bird Calling

their last minutes at the station, neither of them able to break the intolerable impasse until he said, "Well, I'll be seeing you," trying to get some lightness into the parting, and her heart crying out, "But when—when?" Then, from the gate, she could only turn and wave once before he was lost to her in the blur of people behind the barrier.

A storm was shaping. Capricious gusts were already lifting swirls of sand in a macabre dance. Lighthouse Point had an ominous clarity, and rain began to splat against the windows. As she hurried to fasten them, she could see, beyond the grass-tufted dunes, the single track along which only a twice-a-week passenger and freight operated now. But it was part of her childhood, and of Alec's, too. They had met that way.

The Anstey's car which was to pick him up at the Junction had gone temperamental, so he had made shift to come by train and—lucky day!—she was on it. When, inquiring of the conductor, he mentioned Anstey's, she had spoken up.

"Mother's meeting me," she told him, "and we'll be passing there. Could I offer you a lift?"

Alec had said, with that likable grin of his, "On condition I can get accustomed to sitting beside you."

o THERE he was, his tweed shoulder brushing her summer frock. She would never forget how diferent the familiar scenery looked, because she was seeing it through his eyes and knew instinctively he shared her liking for the wind-shaken grasses, the blue-flowered sea marshes, the occasional glimpses of the open sea. Scents of spruce and hot sand and a sudden, salty tang greeted them when they disembarked.

"This is my mother," she said.

Mom in slacks and windbreaker, looking incredibly young with her tousle of bright hair. And Ely had thought, "I hope when I'm her age I'll look just like that."

"My father," she had told Alec, "was killed in the war. I only dimly remember him. He built our bungalow here where we spend our summers."

As they walked that evening, by appointment, Alec said, "I think your mother is wonderful," only his eyes saying what he thought of her. The evening had been golden; the margin above the receding tide, a glass in which they were mirrored; the wings of gulls, tipped by the setting sun. And they themselves in an accepted ecstasy of mutual discovery.

He had said, "Tell me all about yourself," and she had laughed, "Even the bad bits?" When he insisted, "Like what?"—she had told him, "Like when I was expelled from boarding school," and suddenly found herself spilling out the whole, horrid incident of Brookside Academy—and Val—to him.

Quickly indignant, Alec had cried, "The little bounder!" Then, manlike, he had brushed it aside as over and done with. "A person like that is her own worst enemy," he said. "Besides, she's probably grown up since and repented."

She did not say, though she thought it, "Val repented?" the old hurt stabbing her.

It was odd that, after so promising a beginning, she and Alec had drifted apart. But his people moved to the Pacific Coast, and she heard from him only occasionally until his coming east for postgraduate technical training, while she was completing her own social studies, brought them together again and back once more—during week ends and vacation—to Thompson's Beach and eventually marriage. A rather whirlwind marriage in the end, but the arrangements perfect in her mother's cool and capable hands.

Then, as now, wind and rain came in from the sea as, in the little church at Portcliffe Junction, they made their vows. But brightness returned as they emerged into a drift of confetti, and a procession of cars went honking past the seabird-haunted marshlands and across the rather ancient and rickety bridge over the estuary and so by the shore road back to the house. There, she remembered with a new pang, besides the usual toasts there were many good wishes-both facetious and seriousabout their projected mission. For both of them were to be part of a team carrying technical assistance and counsel to underdeveloped countries. How fortunate, everyone thought, that Alec's technical know-how and her social training gave them this wonderful opportunity to serve together.

Fortunate? Little they knew.

Why did it have to happen to her, who had always been so healthy? But there was this virus infection, sudden and devastating, a debilitating aftermath, and a final pronouncement from the medical board disqualifying her.

Dismayed, she appealed to Alec, "But they've just got to let me go with you!" and, at last, in utter and, she was afraid, very bitter frustration, "Then you'll have to tell them you won't go either!"

He had been gentle and understanding but very firm as he said, "These people are in immediate and desperate need, Ely darling. I have something to give them and the time is short. Can't you see?"

Of course she could see. The very

clarity of her seeing set her back on her heels and made her—how she regretted it now—unmanageable, though she had agreed. "Very well, have it your own way," as if he were at fault.

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She had counted on time to heal the breach, and time was not given them. Orders came for the team to be ready days earlier than planned. And then Alec—of all people—was commissioned to fly to Washington for a final special briefing and liaison, taking the place on compassionate grounds of a colleague whose wife was having a baby prematurely.

"What about Tom Duffy? Couldn't he do it?" Ely had demanded, because Tom was a good friend and had a summer place beyond Portcliffe Junction.

"You forget," Alec reminded her.
"Tom's mother is elderly and very frail.
It would mean so much if he could get
a last chance to drive down and see
her."

All such good reasons! "But us?" Ely had cried, "what about us?" And when Alec didn't answer, she'd said, "You just let people push you around, don't you?"

Immediately, because she knew how deep was the hurt she had done Alec, who couldn't understand ungenerosity of spirit, she'd said, "I don't mean that. Alec, I don't really mean that."

But the words were irrecoverably out the thing was done. Alec would forgive, for that was his nature, but she could neither forgive herself nor forget. And she had been conscious of the gulf of her own making between them right up to those last, awful, tongued-tied moments at the station.

what might have been said to heal things while there was time, while they were still together? Or have insisted on accompanying him to Washington, even though both knew he would have small time for her and it was better to get the parting over—as they had?

How quiet, and desolate, the house was. The far thunder of surf seemed muffled and unreal.

The telephone rang, startling her. Alec? She felt eagerness and numbness. Then she was lifting the receiver.

"Long distance calling," the operator said. "Hello . . . there's your party."

A man's voice came through.

"Ely, it's Tom Duffy."

"Tom?" She felt a sudden, sickening fear. "What's wrong, Tom?"

He said, "Nothing's wrong, except our start's delayed after all. Alec's flying back from Washington, and we're getting a two-day leave. I'll drop your man at the door on my way." "Tom, how-how absolutely wonder-ful!"

"You can say that again," Tom told her. "Well, with luck we should blow in before dark."

Ely hung up, her fingers shaking. Before dark. And then two precious days to make things right between them.

She felt incredibly light of heart, singing as she began a riot of cleaning, snatched a scant lunch, made preparations for a sumptuous dinner. Going out under the lowering sky, she picked great handfuls of Alec's favorites—the nasturtiums in a sheltered alcove that splashed the gray wall with color.

She was in arranging them when the

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She dropped some blooms, thinking, "Please, God, don't let anything happen to prevent his coming, please." "Hello?" she said.

"Is that Ely?" It was a woman's voice.

"Ely-it's Val."

"Oh no," Ely thought, not now of all times. Val—Val could go jump in the sea!

"Ely," Val's voice sounded urgent, "are you there?"

"Yes." There was a snap in Ely's tone.

"Ely, I need your help. I'm in trouble."

"Where? What about?"

"At—at the hospital."

"What hospital?"

"Portcliffe Junction. Please come."

"B-but . . ."

"Ely, please. I'm in an awful jam."
She would be, Ely thought. But she said, "What kind of a jam?"

There was a moment's pause. Then in a choked kind of voice Val spoke, "I—I've just run down a woman with my car."

"You what?"

"Ran down a woman. You will come? I need your help, Ely. Please. Please."

HAT small, scared voice did something to Ely in that moment. She wanted to cry off, to say that Alec was coming and how much hung on that. A glance at her wrist watch assured her there should be time to get the few miles there and back.

"Please, Elv."

"All right," she promised reluctantly, and on a note of Val's almost hysterical relief, the connection was broken.

Ely looked about at her preparations, at the flowers not yet arranged, at the sullen approach of the storm, and wished her words unsaid. Why had she promised? She certainly owed Val nothing. Now what could she do but go? Taking time only for the flowers and a few necessary dinner preparations, she left a hasty note for Alec—just in

case—pulled on her raincoat, and fought her way to the garage. Backing out, she glanced along the road that Alec and Tom would travel by way of Hermit's Cove; then she resolutely took the opposite route along the shore road to the Junction.

The sea was coming in white-crested and booming, a froth and tumult backed by the Atlantic push. "Why did I promise?" she kept asking herself. But she kept on winding up the miles until she saw ahead the bridge that spanned the estuary, up which sped a racing smother of white. Out beyond, huge combers were shaping and crashing, sending line after line of great swells to converge on the bridge. A heavier gust threatened to blow the car off the road. She stopped where a lift of rock offered temporary shelter.

"Turn back," a voice seemed to warn her. "Let Val look after herself."

Then, with swift remembrance, she was back at Brookside Academy that horrid morning. Val in a potential mess and hiding—or was it deliberately planting—the evidence later found in Ely's room; the highly doubtful reading matter suspected by the headmistres as being in circulation and ferreted out by her and charged to Ely here in open assembly; the girls staring with awe while Miss Sparling quizzed her sternly.

"Eleanor, is this your doing?"

"No, Miss Sparling."

"Then do you know who is responsible?" and, at Ely's hesitation, "Then you do! Very well, I insist you tell."

"But I—I can't, really." How painfully her heart was beating.

"For the good of the school," Miss Sparling said, "I can permit no evasion." And then that iniquitous moment, with Miss Sparling, in dreadful finality, asserting, "I want all you girls to know that unless whoever is guilty confesses, I shall have no alternative but to have Eleanor expelled."

And no one spoke. No one. But for one brief, involuntary moment Ely had looked and caught Val's eye and seen, behind the brazen mask of innocence, a faint triumphant smile.

Ely recalled how her mother, coming to take her away, had said, "It's not you, dear, who will suffer most for this—even if it's hard to take just now. It'll be Miss Sparling—and Val. Feel sorry for them, not yourself."

Mom, always so generous-minded. Like Alec! And, indeed, long after, meeting Ely at a university gathering, Miss Sparling had made a rather embarrassed show of apology.

But Val? Never a word of apology or sign of contrition. Just, after all this time, a letter so casually taking friendship for granted—and now this call for help. Why should Ely go to her aid?



This growing storm and Alec's imminent advent were sufficient excuse. She'd go home and telephone Val at the hospital.

For a moment, as she let down the car window to see where it would be safe to turn, the wind dropped. In the comparative quiet she could hear only the beat of the rain, the hissing surge of the sea-and, almost piercingly, a sea bird calling. It was like a cry of distress, bringing another remembrance -of Alec and the young gull he had one day rescued, fashioning a splint for its broken leg, though with beak and claw it had bloodied his hands, and, when it was healed, releasing it.

The cry came again and in it, against her will, Ely seemed to hear an echo of Val's sobbing urgency.

RIMLY she put up the window, gripped the wheel, and-in a blinding hail of spray, the timbers shaking under her-was across the bridge and heading toward the misty loom of the town.

Hastily parking her car, Ely reached the hospital lobby wet and breathless and made inquiries.

"Accident?" The receptionist repeated. "Oh, that young woman. Try the waiting room along the corridor."

Ely tried it.

Only two people were there. Both were too deep in conversation and casual laughter to notice Ely. One was a very personable young man. The other, in-"Oh!" Ely said.

Then Val looked up. The years hadn't altered her much. Her face, with possibly too much cosmetic emphasis, was plumper.

"Why, hello!" she said; then, more quickly, "This is Mr. Canfield, Elv. Eleanor," she informed the young man, "and I are old friends. We went to school together."

"Didn't we just," Ely thought.

"Nice of you to come, Elv," Val said, too sweetly.

"Nice," Ely thought. She said, "But -the accident?"

Val said, her eyes large and innocent, "Why, darling, I'd just come out from telephoning you and-and Mr. Canfield here asked me what the trouble was and could he do anything, and he's been just too marvelously helpful. He found out the woman wasn't really much hurt, in fact they've let her go home, and he found witnesses who all agree it wasn't my fault, and even she admitted she stepped out into the street without looking. So everything's fine. Isn't that wonderful?"

For a choking moment, Ely couldn't trust herself to speak.

"Why," she demanded, "didn't you phone me back not to come?"

Val's brows arched prettily. "But, darling, I just didn't think. You see, when I met Mr. Canfield . . ."

"I see," Ely said.

"Anyhow, it's lucky you didn't have far to come. And in this rain.'

Val smiled. Val, all dry and pleasing in her summer dress and so delightedly aware of Mr. Canfield's admiration. Ely thought how rumpled and wind-blown and altogether unattractive she herself must look; not that she cared what he thought, but Val knew and was obviously happy about it. Their eyes met, almost as they had on that awful morning at school. "For this I came through the storm," Ely thought. She contemplated, for one angry moment, the extreme pleasure of slapping Val's cheeks. How highly unedifying, unladylike-and satisfying. Or, with a few words, she could destroy Val's self-sufficiency.

The moment passed. And sudden perception came to her. She realized that actually Val was vulnerable and that even her attempt at renewing their acquaintanceship proclaimed it. Just as Mom had said. This accident had only altered the pattern slightly.

Ely said quietly, "Then there's no need my waiting?" She was certain as she left them that they were happily rid of her and that Val was busy brushing off any disturbing scene of gratitude or self-reproach and doing a neat, sweet, plausible job of it. What did that matter now? Her only thought was to hurry home to greet Alec.

s she passed the church where they were married, its spire seemed to prick the low-hanging clouds. Remembrance of their then unclouded happiness brought a new ache. Then suddenly again, she knew she was glad she had come. Something important had happened to her in the coming, in the keeping, at any cost, of a reluctant promise evenespecially-to Val. Alec was in it, too. as if in some way she had drawn closer to him. She felt purged, as if an old hurt cherished even subconsciouslyand with some legitimacy surely-had now been healed. She could feel for Val a pity that wasn't even patronizing. She felt clean, with almost a singing happiness in her eagerness now to see Alec, to feel his arms about her, to have the respite of those two days with him.

It was then the traffic cop stopped her. "How far are you going, miss?"

"The Beach."

His grin was pleasant but firm. "Not unless you're equipped with pontoons. Road's closed. The bridge is out."

"You mean," dismay filled her, "I'll have to go way round by the highway and down by Hermit's Cove?"

"You'd only find that closed too, I'm afraid. Last word I had they were letting no more cars through. If you need a room overnight you could try the Portcliffe Arms.

Somehow she managed to thank him. The clerk at the Portcliffe Arms said. yes, they could give her a room. "Stormbound, eh? Radio says the worst is yet to come. Might last two days." He was exasperatingly cheerful about it.

"Two days," Ely thought, "but that's all we have '

"Now all the wires are down," the clerk said.

"You mean I can't even telephone?" "That's it, lady." Selecting a key, he tapped a bell with a palm-tight hand. "Front!" he called. "Take this lady to

HE followed the boy. She thought, "This is Val's doing," but the thought was gone as soon as conceived, something belonging to a world she had left behind. All she could feel now was heartache for Alec-and herself. It would have meant so much to us, she thought, so much . . . and turned . . . and saw him.

He strode toward her, his raincoat glistening. "Ely, what in the world are

you doing here?"

And she could only say, her head against his wet shoulder, "What are you?"

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"They'd closed the Hermit's Cove Road, so Tom had to settle for the highway and drop me here. Then-then I heard the bridge was out, too. And now," his voice was uncertain, "I find

She tried to tell him about Val, then confessed, "But I so nearly turned back at the bridge. So nearly."

His eyes, grave, understanding, approving, said, "Only you didn't." took the key from the boy and back to the desk. "Make it a double room." he told the clerk. His hand tightened on Ely's arm, comfortingly.

From their window, they could just glimpse the spire of the church.

She said, "When I passed there a little while ago, I thought back and wondered if-if we'd ever be as happy again."

He didn't ask her if she was, only

held her a little more tightly. A windblown gull, braking its flight, came to rest on a pinnacle. As they watched, night blotted out their view of it and of the spire. Wind, leaping, sent a hard rattle of rain against the windowpane. But for Ely, this stale-smelling, little hotel room was an enchanted place.



Leo Genn comforts Olive Deering in scene from "The Devil's Advocate"

Stage and Screen

BY JERRY COTTER

★ The New Plays

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THE DEVIL'S ADVOCATE is less than striking in transferring a first-class novel to the theater. Its adaptor-directorproducer, Dore Schary, does little more than scratch the surface of a truly brilliant novel by Morris West. It is the story of an English Monsignor, dying of cancer, who is assigned as devil's advocate to investigate the cause of a partisan leader executed by Communists during World War II. Miracles have been attributed to him, and it is in the investigation of these that the Monsignor is able to penetrate the guilt complexes of those who knew and loved the man proposed for beatification. Whereas the novel was eloquent, the play is often confused and fragmentary, more ponderous than uplifting. The flashback technique is a confusing innovation, and Schary attempts to cover too much ground for a convincing dramatization. One must also recognize that the story deals with problems and vices which can be oversimplified, even though they are, in this instance, handled with good taste, intelligence, and sound morality. The cast is competent, though not outstanding, with Leo Genn as the noble Monsignor, San Levene, Edward Mulhare, Tresa Hughes, Olive Deering, Eduardo Cianelli, Michael Kane, and Dennis Scroppo in the leads. Jo Mielziner has designed a series of serviceable and appropriate sets for a play which is both stimulating and controversial. Its appeal is for the discerning playgoer, who will be satisfied to substitute intellectual exercise for dramatic excellence.

COME BLOW YOUR HORN is a farce in the traditional, trigger-speed manner, and it is not without humor. It is one of those offerings in which the doorbell interrupts the telephone and all the characters speak their lines at top

speed and high pitch. The problem is a Bronx father's efforts to get his playboy sons to accept responsibility and settle down. They prefer the carefree existence of a bachelor apartment, and the inference is made that their amoral approach to life is merely a normal male attitude. TV's Hal March heads a competent cast in this gag-filled, but dated, comedy.

It has been said of MARY, MARY, Jean Kerr's bright new comedy, that you know who is going to win five minutes after it starts and forget who won five minutes after it ends. Even so, this modest funfest comes fully equipped with Kerr-style dialogue, bright jabs, and enough quips to stock at least five ordinary Broadway shows. The story line is slender enough to make the merry lines seem all the more humorous, and, with the polished assistance of Barbara Bel Geddes, Barry Nelson, Michael Rennie, John Cromwell, and Betsy von Furstenberg, it moves briskly to an obvious conclusion. It is based on the ageless theme of a broken marriage patched up through the unwitting assistance of prowling outsiders.

Our fiftieth state was the stunning backdrop for a disarming and thoroughly charming musical, 13 DAUGHTERS, which closed after a short run in New York. Aside from bringing Don Ameche back to Broadway, it had assets galore for the family audience seeking a rollicking good time in beautiful surroundings and amusing company. In the play, scheduled for a national tour, Ameche is cast as a Chinese merchant who marries a princess of Hawaii, to the displeasure of local pagan priest. They are told that they will have thirteen daughters, none of whom will ever marry. It is the mandarin's frantic efforts, in later years, to remove the curse through his own wily machinations that provides the basis of the story.



Daniele Ajoret in title role of the French-produced film "Bernadette of Lourdes"

"The Trapp Family" is a combination of two German films about the famous singers However, it is the spirited dancing, the singing, the stunning backgrounds, and the sprightly score, rather than the plot, which give this its value. 13 Daughters will have no appeal for the sophisticated, unless they care to use it as the aspirin antidote for a season of depressing drama. For those who seek relaxation and diversion, this is it. In the Broadway production, Ameche was in fine form and received colorful assistance from Monica Boyar, Ed Kennery, Sylvia Cyms, John Battles, Isabelle Farrell, Richard Tone, and Gina Viglione, plus a stageful of attractive youngsters. Unfortunately, it was not enough to prosper in the current morbid atmosphere of Broadway.

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Jason Robards, Jr., with two hit plays on his record, returns in BIG FISH, LITTLE FISH to prove that he is indeed one of our best dramatic actors. To make this Hugh Wheeler comedy palatable calls for a superior talent, and together with Hume Cronyn, Martin Gabel, George Grizzard, Ruth White, and director John Gielgud, the company of players perform a minor theatrical miracle. Basically a dull play involving a fringe world of second-rate intellectuals and educators, it is a soggy affair saved from disaster by the actors. Their relationships are less than edifying, less than amusing, and somewhat incredible, at least this side of the psychiatrist's couch. At best, this is a surface analysis of vital human problems.

* Movie Reviews in Brief

BERNADETTE OF LOURDES repeats an always inspiring story of the peasant girl who became one of the great saints of the Church. In this instance, the story and production are of French origin and the results more effective than in the well-remembered Hollywood version. Daniele Ajoret of the Comedie Française manages to bring sincerity and spirituality to a role which demands both in equal portions, and the surrounding players are exceptionally good. The Lourdes story is thoroughly familiar by now, but it is one which bears retelling, especially in such sympathetic, realistic, and understanding film terms. (Janus)

THE TRAPP FAMILY is a sentimental, German-made film based on the now-familiar story of how the fabulous family eluded the Nazis and fled to this country, where they became nationally famous concert singers. The story will be retold, with a Rodgers and Hammerstein score, when the movie version of Mary Martin's Sound of Music is released. Meanwhile, this is a refreshing and beguiling combination of



two German pictures about the family. One was shot "on location" in this country and includes some exceptionally beautiful scenes of the Vermont countryside. The English dialogue is dubbed but presents no obstacle, least of all in the musical interludes in which the children sing traditional choral numbers in brilliant style. Though the acting and dialogue may be on the stilted style at times, this is well worth a visit by the family audience. (20th Century-Fox)

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PARRISH fits comfortably into the contemporary cliché. It underscores sexual "frankness" to the point of serious moral lapse; it is overlong to the point of boredom; and it has been acted, adapted, and directed in almost amateurish style. The one exception is in the performance of Claudette Colbert, who handles her high-voltage dramatic scenes effectively. This is the latest, sex-drenched entry in the parade of immoral films. Inasmuch as its theme and principal characters hold particular appeal for the teen-age audience, it is an especially regrettable offering. (Warner Bros.)

The housing problem has its effects on a middle-class Negro family in the skillfully, albeit sentimentally, drawn A RAISIN IN THE SUN, based on Lorraine Hansberry's successful play. The protagonists are members of a Chicago slum family who find themselves financially able to buy a home in the suburbs. The resulting problems, prejudices, anguish, and escape make an absorbing and affecting story. It is beautifully acted by Claudia McNeil, Sidney Poitier, Ruby Dee, and Diana Sands. As a social document, it is both poignant and powerful. (Columbia)

THE CANADIANS compensates in visual attraction for what it lacks in story value. Photographed in the picturesque Cypress Hills of Saskatchewan, it offers a pallid tale to balance the rugged backgrounds. Robert Ryan is cast as a Mountie in charge of some six thousand Sioux who have crossed into Canada following their defeat of General Custer at the Little Big Horn massacre. Some American villains, a horse stampede, and the postcard picture-scenery are the excitements in this mildly suspenseful melodrama. (20th Century-Fox)

The mystery formula which the British are so adroit in adapting to the screen holds up well in THE SECRET PARTNER. Designed to baffle the expert amateurs, this exercise in detection concerns a business executive falsely accused of robbing his own company. The involvements are a bit contrived at times, but the general effect is in the best suspense-yarn tradition, with Stewart Granger in a properly harassed mood as the man under suspicion and Haya Harareet convincing as his unco-operative wife. The London backgrounds and a good British cast are extra assets in this engrossing adult melodrama. (M-G-M)

Roger Vadim, the French director who created the screen image called Brigitte Bardot, uses a modern-day vampirism as the framework to introduce his second protegé in BLOOD AND ROSES. She is Annette Vadim, a Danish girl and his recent wife, and, like her predecessor, an uncertain actress. She is cast as a girl in modern Italy, whose actions and reactions indicate that she has been bewitched by the spirit of a vampire-ancestress. The horror sequences are liberally sprinkled with a variety of suggestive bits, all on the adolescent side. This is more weird-ie than eerie, leaving the impression that such folk legends are best retold before a roaring fire on a stormy night. Technicolor and bad acting too easily destroy the effect. (Paramount)

The screen's intense concentration on the evils of Nazi domination has been relaxed for the nonce with THE SECRET WAYS, a gripping suspense yarn set in modern Budapest. It is based on the Alistair MacLean novel and stars Richard Widmark (who is also the producer) as an American adventurer who becomes involved in a plan to spirit an anti-Communist leader from Budapest to Vienna. Though the melodramatics do become a bit heavy at times, there is no denying that this has more than an element of truth, an effect heightened by the somber Vienna backgrounds, used in this instance as a stand-in for the inaccessible Budapest. Widmark is effective in both capacities and has secured an able European cast to assist him. If this thriller does not fully penetrate the evils of the Communist threat, it does have the advantage of pointing up the current menace to freedom in realistic and suspenseful fashion, and without naïveté. (Universal-International)

Marlon Brando serves as his own director in ONE-EYED JACKS, a ponderous, mono-mood study of revenge. Aside from the fact that it is far too long, the deliberate and brooding pace of the story and Brando's mannered portrayal tend to make the viewer resolve long before the climax is reached. Brando is presented as a man with a mission, determined to find a former bank-robbery accomplice who had turned him into the Mexican police. In due course, he discovers his partner, now reformed and a sheriff in California. Dependent more on characterization than action, the production focuses on Brando and Karl Malden as they create characters in which strength and weakness are inherent. There are moments of unusual visual beauty in this adult drama of vengeance in action. (Paramount)

Few anti-Communist films have had the impact and appeal of QUESTION 7, a semidocumentary produced in Germany and England. It is based on actual incidents and documents smuggled out of East Germany. A teen-age boy, son of an East German minister, is faced with the problem of continuing his piano studies or joining a labor battalion. Though his keyboard prospects are great, unless he correctly answers a political document of seven questions, he will not be permitted to carry on his studies. The seventh, and most crucial, question on the list is "What person has been your greatest influence?" The choice is a bitter one, for the boy has both talent and ambition, but his father has impressed on him the importance of faith, and his conscience will not be stilled. The Legion of Decency has given this a special recommendation. It is a splendid case history, with particular value for those who feel it is possible to "do business" with the enemy. (deRochemont)

★ The Age of Violence

We live in an era of violence and brutality, as every dispatch from the Congo and Laos, Angola and the twilight zones of our own cities attests. Assault and assassination have become too commonplace, and it is in this area that a good many foreign censors object to the Hollywood output.

While we are concerned about their frank attitudes on nudity and sex, they are equally alarmed, with good reason, over the flood of violence and sadism which we are targeting their way. Sweden, Canada, England, Japan, and other countries have been censoring scenes of excessive brutality in our movies, sequences which we have been accepting too placidly.

Social workers and Hollywood's paid propagandists decry any effort to saddle the industry with primary blame for our national interest in crimes of violence and juvenile delinquency. Certainly we cannot say that the screen alone is responsible, but when movie after movie features scenes of violence and brutality, there is reason to question not only the wisdom but the sanity behind it.

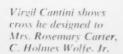
The intelligent moviegoer is repelled by such displays, but to the greater number who are impressionable, a sadistic movie is as dangerous as a pornographic one. Both can be the matchbox a child should not be tempted with.

Loving and Sharing the Liturgy



Diocesan liturgical commissions have multiplied rapidly in the United States in order to apply the Holy See's directives on the liturgy. Pittsburgh's commission is unique, for three lay people sit alongside twelve members of the clergy. The presence of the laity in this advisory function bespeaks the conviction of the man who appointed them—Bishop John J. Wright. Here is his explanation: "The whole point of the fresh emphasis on the liturgy is centered around the word participation. If this means anything, it means maximum possible participation of the laity in the public prayer of the Church and equal participation on those levels of advice and planning where

the measure of participation is worked out in the light of local needs, aspirations, and preparations. Both sides of the altar rail are prepared to contribute to this area of advice and planning. Indeed, on some points the congregation side, loving the Church and the liturgy quite as much as the rest of us, has precious insights to share. Hence, in setting up our Diocesan Liturgical Commission, we welcomed the participation of an artist, a housewife, and a scholarly layman as representatives of the laity who love and share the liturgy of Holy Church." These three are Virgil D. Cantini, Mrs. Rosemary Casey Carter, and C. Holmes Wolfe, Jr. Meet them.









Virgil D. Cantini

Since he feels the typing of artists into categories is ambiguous and invalid, Virgil Cantini, Pittsburgh artist-teacher resists classification. None the less, in Cantini, the Pittsburgh Liturgical Commission has one of the finest liturgical artists in the country.

Virgil Cantini's stations of the cross, candle sticks, tabernacles, crucifixes, crosses, and symbols are found in churches in Pennsylvania, Ohio, West Virginia, Michigan, etc. A glance at them indicates Cantini's logic concerning church art.

"Our churches are plagued with historical images," he stresses. "Our religious art needs revitalization; it needs to be reconstructed, in order better to convey the meaning of the liturgy." Virgil Cantini is one artist seeking to do something about matters. He has been active in the developing of enamel on metal and has also worked in welded metal sculpture. His enamels and sculptures, many of them of religious themes, have won for him numerous prizes.

"Every great work of art has a religious connotation," he maintains, "in that it reflects man's mind and spirit in terms of religion and being." He even goes a step further: "In a sense, art is like the Mass—it is a mystery; we can never hope to know it entirely."

Virgil Cantini was born in Italy in 1919 and came to the United States when he was ten. He served during World War II with the Engineers Corps in the African, European, and Pacific Theaters, holds degrees from both Carnegie Tech and the University of Pittsburgh, and is presently a professor in the latter's Henry Clay Frick Fine Arts Department.

Cantini has exhibited widely and has had one-man shows at Carnegie Institute and Ohio State University. He has been a visiting professor at Notre Dame (teaching enameling and ceramics sculpture) and a Guggenheim Fellow. He and his wife Lucille have two young daughters.

Mrs. Rosemary Casey Carter

Rosemary Casey Carter has the lonesome but exciting responsibility of being spokesman for the women's point of view in matters liturgical. She handles this charge bravely and intelligently, notably when arguing the case for Latin with spokesmen for the vernacular armed with Roman collars.

Rosemary Carter is the wife of Charles Carroll Carter, mother of two girls and a boy, baker of eight different kinds of bread, celebrated among intimates as a dessert chef, and an active and dedicated citizen and churchwoman. The names she bears are actually as interesting as the life she leads. Her husband is directly descended from Daniel Carroll (1730-1796; signer of the Constitution, brother of Bishop John Carroll, and cousin of Charles Carroll of Carrollton). And she herself is named for a favorite aunt, playwright (*The Velvet Glove*) and fellow Pittsburgher, Rosemary Casey.

Rosemary Carter, a 1956 graduate of Rosemont College, is convinced that mothers especially have a vital role to play in liturgical renewal. They must get past drudgeries and on to important, positive things, she declares. They must slow the pace, provide time for spiritual breathing, and engineer family spiritual projects.

"One might comment that a religious family project is not the liturgy of the Church," she says. "This is true, but the groundwork for genuine piety is formed at home, and knowledge does come through the senses. So it is only common sense to bring husband and children to God in this delightful way."

C. Holmes Wolfe, Jr.

C. Holmes Wolfe is all one expects a Harvard man to be—urbane, responsible, and professional. He practices law, is a director of the Harvard-Yale-Princeton Club, a veteran (Bronze Star) of World War II, a member of the Western Pennsylvania Historical Society and the Pittsburgh Golf Club. The Wolfes, Mr. and Mrs., are quite a combination. Holmes is a Catholic and a Republican; his wife, Suzanne, is an Episcopalian and a Democrat. They are the parents of two boys, aged seven and three.

Otherwise, Holmes Wolfe is representative of many Catholic laymen. He has a strong, intellectual interest in the liturgy but confesses to a deficiency in the actual practice of it. But precisely because he is typical, some hold that Holmes Wolfe and people like him have a necessary place on liturgical commissions.

"I may not be equipped to argue the refinements or the intricacies of the liturgy with the clergy, whose special business the liturgy is," he comments. "Yet, I think it helpful to the clergy to have participating in their deliberations on the liturgy a layman who can bring some experience of the 'world outside,' present a lay point of view, and, more importantly, keep it before the body."

Holmes Wolfe believes the new focus on the liturgy is helping the laity understand better their part in it. From this, he predicts exceedingly worthwhile, apostolic by-products in such fields as social justice and the ecumenical movement. The
Sign's
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of the
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WILL TV DEBATES LAST?

Atomic experts Dr. Leo Szilard center, and Dr. Edward Teller prepare to debate disarmamen on "The Nation's Future." Left moderator John K. M. McCaffrey to a

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At a recent cocktail party in New York, a woman spoke thusly: "George and I don't have television. We've held out against it for years and I don't expect that we'll ever change our minds. The children would like it, we know. But with all the junk that is shown every night, we're convinced that they're better off without it. We have FM radio and hi-fi. We don't need television."

This lady represented the thinking of a minority that seems to have at least one delegate to every gathering of intelligent people these days. Some of them are mere posers. They consider it provocative and different to be able to announce that they can't abide TV. A few of them, in fact, are dishonest, They do watch television—and even have been known to spend an enthralled hour with "The Untouchables"—but they are unwilling to admit participation in a gauche diversion associated with the common people.

But the lady who spoke out at the cocktail party in opposition to TV was not hypocritical. She and her husband sincerely believe that the picture tube is a diabolical device that can only corrupt the intellectual and spiritual climate of their home. They are maintaining this position despite constant pressures exerted against them. Almost everywhere they go, they find that television is a lively topic of conversation to which they are not able to make any positive contribution.

I have known several couples who waged a long battle against TV only to give in reluctantly. In all but one case, the consequences are not nearly as drastic as expected. (The exception is a family that has fallen into electronic bondage. Their receiver is in use almost constantly. The father, who used to

sneer at friends for their interest in an occasional drama or news program, is now a slave to "Shotgun Slade," "Highway Patrol," "Checkmate," "Wagon Train," and other regular exercises in fantasy.)

But other holdouts I know, who allowed television into their homes after years of resisting it, are reacting to it in a sensible and often beneficial way. They have found that the TV set, when used with discretion, can provide many stimulating and informative hours

Ironically, this has been particularly true during the past year when the general quality of television programs has been at least as bad as any time in the past. For this was a season in which the situation comedy, the Western, and the adventure show dominated the TV screen. But there have been "compensations" and it is these that show how valuable TV can be, the lady at the cocktail party notwithstanding.

Kennedy-Nixon Breakthrough. Not so long ago there was justifiable agitation on the part of some educators, parents, and critics because of television's neglect of the important issues of the day. It was rarely possible then to learn anything from TV about international affairs, the state of the nation. or other vital questions. There was a notable lack of conflicting arguments about problems confronting the community, the country, or the world.

An encouraging breakthrough came last fall in the Kennedy-Nixon televised debates. These confrontations, watched by millions of people, represented an unprecedented public service. According to political experts, the TV debates had a decisive influence on the election itself. But they also brought

to a large part of the people a new awareness of the candidates and of the philosophies they represented.

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Even young people, whose exposure to the processes of democracy had never been a pleasurable process, began to talk among themselves about issues such as American prestige, the missile race with the Soviet Union, and medical care for the aged. Teachers everywhere noticed this blossoming interest in public affairs. I am even told that some youngsters, whose active interest in the Far East had been limited to concepts such as Egg Foo Young and Charlie Chan, began to talk and read about Quemoy, Matsu, and the future of America's relations with Communist China.

Then, after the Presidential election, the National Broadcasting Company decided that the debate formula should be extended and inaugurated a series of Saturday night discussions entitled "The Nation's Future." The programs have continued despite severe handicaps—they are shown in competition with such established audience winners as "Have Gun, Will Travel," "Gunsmoke," "Lawrence Welk," and the Saturday night boxing matches.

America's Life. For every person watching the Saturday night discussion programs, six or seven are looking at "Gunsmoke," according to the rating services. But despite the commercial shortcomings of the programs, they have made an important impression. The Columbia Broadcasting System followed with its own series of debates on Thursday night's "Face the Nation" (every second week).

The two networks have now presented debates on such topics as America's policy toward Cuba, Congressional investigations of loyalty, the use of public funds for religious schools, fluoridation of drinking water, Federal subsidization of the arts, health care for the aged, the extent of the role of the Federal Government, and the use of church pulpits for political discussions.

Senator Barry Goldwater has exchanged opinions with Secretary of Labor Arthur Goldberg and Congressman James Roosevelt with Martin B. McKneally, former commander of the American Legion. In the N.B.C. series, members of the studio audience have enlivened the discussions by questioning the speakers.

One of the best programs on "The Nation's Future" was: "Should Public Funds Be Used for Public and Religious School Students Alike?" The opponents were Father Neil G. McCluskey, S.J., education editor of *America*, and Dr. Leo Pfeffer, general counsel and national director of the American Jewish Congress Commission on Law and Social Action.

This was a timely, spirited, and valuable discussion by two well-informed authorities. Father McCluskey, upholding the affirmative, was particularly impressive as he made the point that Dr. Pfeffer opposed not only the use of public funds for religious schools but actually disapproved of their existence.

Each speaker upheld his point of view vigorously but without displaying disrespect for the right of the other to advance his beliefs. It was an admirable demonstration of the democratic spirit in action, and it made an exceptionally interesting telecast.

Other telecasts dealing with important questions have also been presented by the networks in popular viewing time. Among them have been "C.B.S. Reports" and the "N.B.C. White Paper" series. Then,

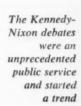
too, there have been the C.B.S. Friday night "Eyewitness to History" telecasts and a series of N.B.C. "instant specials," presented on short notice to cover major news developments.

These informational shows have been sponsored. But because sponsorship for next season is uncertain, the shows themselves have an uncertain future. "The Nation's Future" already has been eliminated from the Saturday night schedule on N.B.C. next fall, making way for a series of feature films recently acquired by the network. The debates may resume in a Sunday afternoon time period, along with other commendable but unprofitable efforts. If public reaction is sufficiently strong, however, the debates could be moved to a more desirable place.

Up to the Public. It should be noted that even though some of these telecasts drew a small share of the viewers in comparison with competing programs, they were seen each week by a nationwide audience estimated at several million persons. These numbers may not be sufficient to make the presentations commercially attractive to a sponsor. But there is another side to the story. In homes throughout the country, adults and children have been given unparalleled opportunities to watch, listen, and learn, as matters vital to their future were being discussed by outstanding Americans with different points of view about how they should be pursued.

If this kind of television perishes, it will be because of lack of sufficient public manifestation of interest in it. The networks have argued that they try to give the public what it wants. It is up to the public to decide whether it wants this policy to continue or to die of neglect.

We can no longer place all the blame on the networks and stations. They have been trying, at least for part of the time this season, to do what was vigorously demanded of them in the past. The question now seems to be: Does the public really care? Or is it content to ride through Dodge City with Matt Dillon and forget about Cuba and Castro?







It used to be fun to pick the pennant winners, but now you need a slide rule

BY RED SMITH



HROUGH the munificence of Gene Autry, General Elwood Quesada, and their friends who will spend ten million 'dollars to make it possible, the baseball press this year is in a position to be wrong eighteen times instead of sixteen. For an oracle whose forecasts on the major league pennant races are awaited annually from coast to coast with breathless indifference, not to say loathing, this is an opportunity not to be missed.

In previous analyses of the contending teams, there was room for only sixteen errors, eight to a league. It cramped a seer's style. During the winter, major improvements were effected.

Yielding at long last to the insistent demand of baseball enthusiasts in Washington, Calvin Griffith got out of town with his Senators. Transplanted to a wheat field a thousand miles away, they are operating now under the alias of Minnesota Twins.

To succeed them in infamy, the American League graciously awarded the Washington territory to a syndicate headed by General Quesada, who set out to construct a new team from used matériel at a cost well below that of a

nuclear submarine. All over the Pentagon, lips curled in scorn when word got out that the Quesada Mob had to pay only \$2,100,000 for twenty-eight retreads, seconds, and factory rejects discarded by the established clubs. With this as a starter, the backers probably will go for about \$5,000,000 this year, in a gallant effort to bring to the nation's capital its first ninth-place team.

In this effort, they will find themselves opposed at every turn by Gene Autry, a middle-aged singing cowboy, and Bob Reynolds, a Rose Bowl football player turned square. This pair and associates are making approximately the same investment in a Los Angeles franchise, with the same laudable aim. Actually, the initial outlay in California was the larger, because it was necessary to slip Walter O'Malley, owner of Los Angeles, a hundred thousand in baksheesh for permission to breathe his smog.

Below the financial echelon, baseball operations in both cities are in the hands of sound, experienced professionals. Guardian angel of the Los Angeles Angels is small, cherubic Fred Haney, a reformed infielder who has managed some of the best National League play-

ers of modern times (in Milwaukee), some of the worst (in Pittsburgh), and some with the St. Louis Browns who defy description.

Haney is general manager and Bill Rigney is archangel, or field manager. Last year Rigney was supposed to win the pennant with the San Francisco Giants and got fired the first time the team dipped as low as second. If the Angels ever see second this summer, he'll be stuffed and mounted.

General manager of Washington's demigods-presumptive is Ed Doherty, and field manager is James Barton Vernon, called Mickey.

Ed Doherty used to be goodwill man for the Boston Red Sox. When the team was criticized adversely in print, he would telephone the author and with simple, quiet dignity offer to punch him in the nose. Generally, the author would tell him where to go, and Ed did go far—to Louisville as head of the Red Sox farm there, to the office of president of the American Association, and at length to Washington.

As a left-handed first baseman, gracious, charming, sincere Mickey Vernon had the loveliest swing of all American League batsmen. Twice he won the league batting championship so unobtrusively, with such simple natural modesty that nobody realized he was outhitting Ted Williams, the greatest hitter of the age. Mickey never managed a team before this year, but he grew up in Marcus Hook, Pennsylvania, in the same climate that produced Danny Murtaugh, manager of Pittsburgh's reigning world champions and therefore the world's smartest man, protem.

Intellect for intellect and player for player, it is difficult to split out the newborn, assigning one to ninth place and the other to tenth. It seems probable, however, that life in Washington will be the easier, only partly because Washington is full of politicians and politicians are traditionally able to stomach anything.

Except for filibustering Southerners holding forth in Congress against human dignity, the Senators have the entertainment field to themselves in Washington. The Angels must spread their molting wings in competition with Mister O'Malley's mighty Dodgers, and even when the Yankees are in town, they can't draw crowds because O'Malley has consigned them to a bush league playground too small to hold a crowd.

EXT year, if all goes well with the National League's expansion plans, there will be ten teams operating in each league, twenty chances to guess wrong on where they'll finish, and gainful employment for all ball players under the age of seventy. Speed the day.

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Meanwhile, the job of making eighteen mistakes still presents itself. In the American League it's easy. Put the Yankees first, the new clubs ninth and tenth, with Kansas City somewhere down there also, and spot the others anywhere you like.

Baltimore's Orioles were something of a revelation last year. They did extraordinarily well for a young team, hanging on to race the Yankees almost down to the wire. They've made no important personnel changes, but if a year's experience has hardened them for competition, and if they all stay as lucky as they were last year, they might give New York a rough time.

So might the White Sox, of course, a good team that's getting a little old. Among the *émigrés* from Washington now resident in Minnesota, there are some fairly exciting guys, but they have only two pitchers.

A careful guess would put the Yankees first, the Orioles second, the White Sox and Twins third and fourth or the other way around, and all the rest nowhere. The National League is impossible. There are at least five clubs that can win the pennant, maybe six, though you have to put Cincinnati at the bottom of that list. Only Philadelphia and Chicago can be ruled out.

The Pirates won last year and won on merit. They were a good team in 1960, and they ought to be a better club in 1961, though there's no guarantee they will be.

The Milwaukee Braves, who were the best of their time, recognized tardily the need to shore up their infield. They got Roy McMillan, Billy Martin, and Frank Bolling. If, with all this help, they don't run off and hide from all competitors, Charley Dressen will be hunting a new job as manager next year. Only the calendar can buck Milwaukee: Warren Spahn is forty years old, Lew Burdette is thirty-five.

Perhaps the most impressive club in the league is the Dodgers. Mister O'Malley has made huge profits in Los Angeles and spent some of the loot for young players. This could easily be the great team of tomorrow, or even today. If the Dodgers win, don't look for anybody to beat 'em for a long time.

Last spring almost everybody believed

the Giants were a shoo-in. The first time they began to waver, Horace Stoneham fired his manager, put in a friend who loathed the job, and wound up with a fifth-place club.

This year a pro named Alvin Dark is running the Giants. A lot of people thought the Pirates would win in 1959 and gave up on them when they didn't. A lot of people who thought the Giants could win in 1960 would be well advised to wait and see if the team doesn't make it in 1961.

Most improved team in the league last season was St. Louis, which finished seventh in 1959, third in 1960, with Ernie Broglio winning twenty-one games and Larry Jackson eighteen. Presumably they are now ready for a serious challenge.

In a race that has no true favorites, any starter can win. The Reds have all the intellectual advantages, due to the presence of Jim Brosnan, an author who pitches in his spare time. The Phillies have vast wealth divided between Bob Carpenter, the owner, and Frank Wiechec, the trainer, but not evenly. The Cubs have absolute assurance that their manager will make no mistakes. They have no manager.

In The SIGN next month

UNDER 35

10 young Americans on the brink of leadership

COLLEGE IN THE CONGO

Lovanium helps to steady a turbulent country

FAMILY-SIZED MOUNTAIN

Fun for the family on the way to the summit



A community development worker in Ghana teaches the operation of a motor to villagers who never had chance to learn

DO-IT-YOURSELF is the style in Ghana

"A road would cost too much."

"The pipe would give us water all year round."

"We should have a community center like the one in Berekum."

Thus, one day a few years ago, argued the elders of Biadan, a remote African village in Ghana. Seated under a large odum tree, the eldest on cushionless wooden armchairs, the others on stools, they talked at great length, both because they enjoyed talking and because they had lots of time.

It was hot, even in the shade; the ground was hard and dusty. At intervals, women walked past the conference carrying buckets of water on their heads. They had fetched the water from a village two miles away, and although they didn't say anything, it was obvious what they considered to be the village's greatest need.

A young man from Kumasi sat with the elders, listening to their arguments, occasionally offering a suggestion. Finally he left after shaking hands with each man individually—as he had done when he arrived. A modest, soft-spoken young man, he was a community development officer of the Ghana government, and although nothing in his appearance seemed incendiary, he had nevertheless been sowing the seeds of a revolution in the village—by suggesting that the villagers themselves could do something about improving it.

Biadan is a village like many others in Ghana. Its people are farmers, living in mud brick houses with roofs of tin sheeting or thatch. The women cook in the open, sweep their mud brick floors with sticks of straw tied loosely together. They fetch water for their household needs on their heads. Today they may carry it in zinc buckets rather than calabashes, but their method of living is not substantially different from that of their great-grandmothers.

They are a people not without ambition, but their contact with the world beyond their village has been limited. They were aware, of course, that their country had gained its independence and that the capital, Accra, was a large modern city, and they probably hoped that some day these improvements would be brought to them. The community development officer had suggested that they decide what they needed most and start for themselves. In promoting this essentially democratic process, he was in fact using a time-honored African tradition—the village meeting or "palaver."

At about that time, the District Council allotted the money to build a road into Biadan.

"If you men work on the road yourselves, the village will not have to pay laborers and you can build the community center with the money you save," the officer explained to them.



While parents work and learn, children are cared for in the Biadan day nursery



In community development courses, adults learn to read and write in twelve weeks

It's a fine thing to build a road into an African village, but a lot better if the villagers themselves build it. A famous program teaches self-help

BY JEAN GARTLAN

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"But we have never worked on a road. . . ."

The officer told them about people of other villages who had built their own roads. After several more palavers under the odum tree, they agreed to start.

Work on the road was hard, but it went quickly. They were soon able to see results and were thus spurred on. No super highway was ever opened with more enthusiasm. When the chief poured the libation at the opening, it was a symbolic as well as tangible end to the isolation of Biadan.

In the enthusiasm of their first achievement, they built the community center, and when it was finished, the men settled down to enjoy it, having transferred their palavers from under the tree. However, it was the dry season again, and the women were carrying water two miles. They decided to do something about it. After collecting enough money from what they sold from their

farms to buy the equipment, they persuaded the men to help dig the trench and lay the pipe which would bring the water from the next village.

Then they started a day nursery in the community center. It is run by two young girls paid by the village who work under the guidance of the Department of Social Welfare. A day nursery may seem to be a rather advanced Western innovation in a remote African village, but it is very practical where women work on the farms. In towns where they are traders in the markets, they bring their children with them.

The next improvement the people of Biadan wanted was electricity. They collected the money from the sale of their cocoa and bought a generator. Their houses are not wired, so the generator still has more prestige than practical value, but the villagers are proud of it. In fact, Biadan is becoming something of a showplace, not merely

because of its generator or water supply, but because the people got them largely through their own efforts.

Self-help is the key to community development, explains Peter du Sautoy, former director of Ghana's Department of Social Welfare. Du Sautoy worked for many years in Ghana and acquired an international reputation in the field of community development.

"It is one thing to build a road into a village," he says, "but quite another if the villagers build it themselves. The full success of community development can be measured not only in terms of the number of roads built or of water pipes laid, but in terms of the self-esteem and co-operative spirit the completion of the project brings to the villagers."

It is already beginning to have an impact on the people of Ghana. Life in hundreds of villages has changed for the better. They are, in a sense, being brought into the stream of the twentieth century.

Although community development in its present setup is new, many of its principles are those which missionaries have been using for years. Du Sautoy and his predecessor, Robert Gardiner, have welcomed the participation of the churches in the program, and local Catholic authorities have responded to the encouragement. A liaison officer has been appointed by the Church, and aid has been given to mission undertakings in the form of technical advice, loan of heavy equipment and skilled labor—provided the people themselves work on the project.

How does community development get started? Usually a one-day school is held in a village to "sell" the idea.

"First we approach the chief and elders and try to convince them that it would help their village," a community development officer explains. "They are the actual as well as the traditional leaders, and without their support a project would never get started.

"The day before the school is to be held, our team arrives with flags, bunting, and banners. We walk around and greet the people; the children crowd up to help unload the jeep, and a general stir is created. The local bands are recruited to provide music for the next day and by nightfall everyone is aware something special is going to happen."

Early the next morning the team appears in uniform—blue shorts, white shirts, and badges. They connect the loudspeakers and join in the dancing

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with the early arrivals. The chief and elders arrive and are solemnly greeted. According to custom, on such occasions, the visitors shake hands with each of the elders in turn and resume their seats. Then the hosts walk around and shake hands with each of the visitors.

All this time the bands have been playing in the background to rouse the people's enthusiasm. Now the senior officer explains the purpose of the gathering. The Department of Social Welfare, he says, through community development helps people to help themselves. One way is through teaching literacy. To demonstrate this, a village drama is performed.

The actors are members of the department team; the stage, a clearing in the center of the crowd. The play is short and in the vernacular of the village. The story is simple. An old woman receives a letter for her son. offering him a job. She cannot read, so she approaches the village letter writer. He deceives her by telling her a relative is ill and would like to see her. She hurries off, and when she is gone, the letter writer advises his own son to apply for the job. He gets it. The old lady returns with her son. He reads the letter and goes for the job but it is already taken-because his mother couldn't read. Everyone gets the point.

HE next item on the program shows it is not a difficult thing to learn to read. Charts are set up and a few villagers invited to class. In a few minutes, the brighter ones are able to recognize the first pictures, the first words. An old grandmother steps up to the chart and identifies a word. Everyone in the crowd applauds loudly, the band plays, and as she goes back to her place, she does a happy, shuffling dance step. With the enthusiasm at its height, the teacher explains that anyone who is interested can learn to read simple stories in twelve weeks. There is more singing and dancing, and the day is brought to a close.

Literacy is often the opening wedge in community development. It is important not only for the basic skills of reading and writing that are learned, but also in helping to do away with the feeling of inferiority of the illiterate. If he can learn to read, something that he never dreamed possible, other things then also seem possible to him. From the beginning, women responded eagerly to the literacy classes, seeing in them an opportunity for education which had been limited almost exclusively to men.

Ama Osei joined the first literacy class in her village and was one of the

most apt pupils. She is a leading woman in the village, the mother of five living children, and the one most often called to assist at the birth of a new baby or help care for a dying one. If her ministrations are inept, they are the ones used by her mother and grand-mother and are still the best available knowledge in her village.

NE day Ama was finding it difficult to be interested in reading charts, because she was thinking about her daughter's little boy who had died so quickly the week before. Death among young children in an African village is familiar, but it is still hard

Thus, at the end of the class, when a young female community development worker, Mary Osei, told the women she would like to visit their village and hold classes in cooking and baby care, Ama was in a receptive mood

The next week, Mary came and stayed with Ama in her compound. Practically every woman in the village attended the first class, partly out of curiosity and partly because Ama was a sponsor. The class began with singing and dancing in which the instructor joined enthusiastically. Then she gave a demonstration on preparing foods for young children. She talked about the various kinds of foods which are available in the village and should be used for a good diet. Pictures of the foods-chicken, tomato, eggs, fruit-are passed around and then stuck up on a flannel board visible to all. Then she prepared a fish and tomato stew which she said would be good for small children. When she finished, she washed her cooking pots immediately. Dirty pots attract flies and disease, she explained.

For several weeks, Mary visited the village regularly and one of the things she showed the women was the basic hygiene to be practiced at childbirth. This is not intended as a substitute for qualified midwifery, but it is a fact that hundreds of babies are delivered by the older women of the villages, and many lives could be saved if they knew a little about hygiene.

Finally Ama was persuaded to go to a training center where she could have more advanced classes in cooking, sewing, child care, and nutrition; then, as a voluntary leader, she could take over the work in her own village, freeing the community development worker to start somewhere else.

Ama went to the course, which lasted

A journalist at the UN Office of the National Catholic Welfare Conference, JEAN GARTLAN worked for several years in Ghana.

for a month and which she loved, especially the sewing classes. In fact, it was difficult to keep her away from advanced embroidery and to get her to become proficient in the simple things her village sisters would be able to copy. While at the center, she also learned the importance to health of a clean water supply and thus went home with a project for the men. In their village, the water source is a stream, and when the women and children go to collect water, they wade in or wash and then fill the buckets with contaminated water which is used for drinking. When she got home, she convinced the women, who, in the manner of women everywhere. kept after the men, until, with the help of a male community development worker, they built a Henderson box, a simple storage tank for water.

Community development depends on local leaders. Professional workers can start the program, but it must be carried through by local leaders, as Ama did in her village. "One of the great benefits the program has brought," Du Sautoy says, "is training local leaders to help their fellow men."

Teachers and catechists are among the obvious leaders in their villages, and courses for Catholic catechists in the basic techniques of community development have been organized by the department in two dioceses. The Church can both contribute and gain through the efforts of these lay voluntary leaders to improve the material life of their villages.

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NE of those who saw the vast beneficial implications of community development was Msgr. John J. O'Grady, secretary of the National Conference of Catholic Charities, vice-president of the International Conference of Catholic Charities. On several trips to Ghana, he encouraged local Catholic co-operation with the program, which he called one of the most advanced in the world.

However, the most interesting, and possibly the farthest reaching, co-operation is a scheme arranged by Msgr. O'Grady to bring four missionaries from other African countries to study firsthand the program in Ghana. Two members of the Society of African Missions from Nigeria and an African diocesan priest and layman from Tanganyika spent a year in Ghana.

Last year, Msgr. O'Grady's efforts in this field received warmed encouragement from the Holy Father, who in a letter to him praised his "wise and zealous direction of the Catholic Charities program in Ghana," saying il might serve as an example for other countries, in Africa and elsewhere

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Confession of Sins and Conversion

Is it necessary for a convert to the Catholic Church to confess all the sins committed before his reception?—Syracuse, N. Y.

It will depend on whether he is baptized absolutely or conditionally. If the first, no confession is made because the sacrament of baptism remits not only original sin, but also all actual sins. A convert of this type is truly "born again of water and the Holy Ghost." If, however, a convert is baptized conditionally because it cannot be proved with certainty whether he was baptized before, or whether the baptism was validly conferred, he is



obliged to confess the grave sins he committed before baptism in the Church and of which he is conscious after a diligent examination.

Christ's Birthday

Some friends of mine were asked this question in an examination: when was Christ born? When they said December 25, they were told they were wrong; the correct answer was March 25, Feast of the Annunciation. I attended Catholic schools for eight years but never heard of this.—Rumson, N. J.

I never did, either. The whole world celebrates the birthday of Christ our Lord on December 25. The reference to the Feast of the Annunciation on March 25 suggests that the examiner was at fault by confusing the conception of Our Lord with His birth. As is generally known, they are not the same thing.

Excommunication: Hitler

(1) What factors contribute to excommunication? (2) Why wasn't Adolf Hitler, originally a Catholic, officially excommunicated?—WEST HAVEN, CONN.

(1) Excommunication is a censure by which one is excluded from the communion of the faithful and suffers other penalties which are involved in it. The conditions for incurring a censure are the following: the delict or crime on account of which a censure is inflicted must be something external, gravely culpable, consummated (not merely attempted), and done with obstinacy. In other words, the person deliberately violates a law forbidding an action to which such a penalty is attached.

(2) It did not seem expedient to the Pope to officially and publicly excommunicate Adolf Hitler. More harm than good would likely have followed. Pope Pius XI implicitly condemned him by reprobating his vicious policies.

Moral Rearmament

I enclose a full-page advertisement which appeared in the Baltimore Sun. It extols the virtues and accomplishment of an organization which calls itself Moral Rearmament, or MRA for short. Since its influence is apparently world-wide and its resources can afford such large ads. I would like for you to comment on it.—BALTI-MORE, MD.

The tone of the ad, which appeared in cities throughout the country, is astounding. It reads liks a warning from a prophet sent by God, as John the Baptist was. But Dr. Frank Buchman, founder and supreme leader of MRA, can hardly claim that title and arrogate to himself a divine commission.

Dr. Buchman is a Lutheran minister and a former Y.M.C.A. secretary. He began his work of converting the world in Princeton, New Jersey, in 1909. His followers were then called Buchmanites, and the "ideology" he taught was known as Buchmanism. He later went to Oxford University in England, where he gathered followers who, in the thirties, called themselves the First Century Fellowship. This title was later changed to Oxford Group, which incidentally has no relation to the famous Oxford Movement which brought so many noted converts into the Catholic Church, including John Henry Newman, later Cardinal Newman. Before World War II broke out in 1939, Dr. Buchman chose for his followers the name Moral Rearmament. This title was a happy one, in a way. It recalled the admonition of St. Paul to "put on the armor of God, that you may be able to resist in the evil day and stand in all things perfect." (Eph. 6:13) But in this instance it meant warfare against one's evil inclination and the need of change in oneself before change could be effected in society and before the eventual reformation of the world.

The objectives of MRA are laudable. Who would object to reformation in the individual and universal change for the better among men and nations for the attainment of peace and prosperity? The important question is-how are these goals to be attained? MRA seeks to attain them through the Holy Spirit in the "quiet hour" and the sharing of experiences among the members of the group. It is maintained that the Holy Spirit will send messages to them, which will enlighten them and point out the way to reformation in their lives and eventually to the elimination of strife among men and even the possibility of war. MRA believes that these means are the most efficacious to combat the totalitarian ideology of Communism and to attain universal peace. Their moral code is reduced to the four absolutes: absolute honesty, absolute purity, absolute unselfishness, and absolute love. The Ten Commandments on which our eternal salvation, as well as our temporal happiness, depend, according to Jesus Christ, are not mentioned by Dr. Buchman.

What are Catholics to think of this movement, which is growing apace and seems to have unlimited funds to promote its cause? They must take their cue from the attitude of the Catholic Church, which is the "pillar and ground of truth." The Holy See has several times warned Catholics about MRA. Cardinal Pizzardo, Secretary of the Sacred Congregation of the Holy Office, which has the charge of safeguarding the faith, wrote the following: "The Sacred

Congregation is astonished to see Catholics and even priests seek certain moral and social objectives, however praiseworthy they may be, in the bosom of a movement which possesses neither the patrimony of doctrine or of spiritual life, nor the supernatural means of grace which the Catholic Church has. It is even more astonishing to see certain people have an exaggerated enthusiasm, which apparently makes them believe that the methods and means developed by Moral Rearmament are most efficacious in this movement than in the Catholic Church itself. The danger of syncretism (compromises of religious principle) and of religious indifference, of which warnings have been given on Moral Rearmament, can no longer be ignored.'

In several dioceses in Europe and in one at least in this country, the bishops have explicitly forbidden the faithful to have anything to do with the movement. Bishop Noa of the Diocese of Marquette, Michigan, in which the United States headquarters of MRA is situated, issued a pastoral letter on August 15, 1958, in which he says, "Until Holy Mother Church should declare that no danger to the faith for Catholics is to be found in the movement, the present Pastoral Instruction concludes with the following directive: Catholics of the Diocese of Marquette and all other Catholics, whenever they may be within the limits of the jurisdiction of the Diocese of Marquette, may not attend the meetings of MRA or participate in or promote its activities." This pastoral is a masterful document and offers a detailed and convincing basis for the directive given above. It may be obtained from Our Sunday Visitor Press, Huntington,

Another source of information worthy of recommendation for Catholics is Catholics and the Moral Rearmament Movement, Radio Replies Press, St. Paul 1, Minnesota, 15 cents, net.

Used Christmas Cards

Would you kindly print the addresses of places that can use old Christmas cards.-McLeansboro, ILL.

Following are some of the places in this country that request used Christmas cards: Holy Ghost Fathers, St. Mary's Church, Tuscaloosa, Alabama; Holy Rosary Mission, Pine Ridge, South Dakota; St. Ann's Indian Mission, Belcourt, North Dakota; Oblate Sisters of Providence, 501 Chase Street, Baltimore 2, Maryland.

St. Joseph; St. James, Jesus' Cousin

(1) In the story of "The Nativity" in the December 1959 issue of THE SIGN, Jim Bishop states that Joseph was nineteen years old when he married Mary. If this is correct, why is he pictured as an old man in so many paintings, etc.? (2) In the March 1960 issue, Maisie Ward, in her article about St. Paul the Apostle, has the following statement: "They claimed to speak in the name of James, Jerusalem's bishop and Our Lord's cousin." Please state the relationship between Jesus and James .-DETROIT, MICH.

(1) We do not know the exact age of Joseph when he became the husband of the Blessed Virgin Mary, but the monuments of the first five centuries, the early patristic writings, and sound theological reasoning suggest that he was only a few years older than Mary. God would not have chosen a man old enough to be her father, as he appears in some representations, for it would not have been seemly. His advanced age was probably suggested in some apocryphal writings as a means of protecting her virginity.

(2) St. James the Less was the author of the first Catholic Epistle. St. Paul calls him the "brother of the Lord." (Gal. 1:19) He was the son of Alpheus or Cleophas. (Matt. 10:1) His mother was Mary of Cleophas (that is, wife of Cleophas), who was a sister or close relative of the Blessed Virgin, and for that reason he was sometimes called brother of Jesus, according to Jewish custom. They did not have word for cousin, and brother and sister were often loosely

Holy Ghost and Pope

How do we know that the Holy Ghost speaks through a pope of bad character?-Union, N. J.

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Jesus, to whom all power in heaven and earth was committed (Matt. 28:18), declared that they who heard those commissioned by Him to teach in His Name would speak with His authority: "He who hears you, hears Me." (Luke 10:16) Supposing legitimate authority, this holds even for those of bad character who teach officially and formally as representatives of Christ. Our Lord promised to remain with His Church even to the end of the world and that He would never allow the gates of hell to prevail against it.

Gravity of Divine Precepts

In our society certain sins have become "socially acceptable," but others bring great social censure, as being jailed for income tax evasion or having an illegitimate child. Among some people there is a feeling of horror at the prospect of transgression against certain of the Divine Commandments, while there is a definite tolerance toward the very existence of others. Is there any moral justification for this prevalent attitude? Should it be left to each individual to decide what for him is a serious matter in regard to sin, or should each divine commandment be considered to be as important as every other one?-BEVERLY, MASS.

While it is necessary for everyone who is serious about his salvation to observe all the commandments of God, yet they are not all of the same gravity. Sins directly against God, e.g., blasphemy, are more serious than sins directly against man, e.g., theft. In the same species (religion), blasphemy is much graver than irreverence during prayer and divine worship.

Some Christians are very careful to avoid what may cause loss of face among men, as in the cases you mention, but not those which cause loss of friendship with God. This is the religion of the Pharisees, who appeared just before men, but whom Jesus roundly condemned because of their iniquity and hypocrisy. (Matt. 23). The true Christian endeavors to keep the whole law,

not only those precepts which regulate external actions, but also those which concern the heart and the spirit.

Obligation of Fast

Please tell me if a Catholic over sixty-five years of age is permitted to eat meat more than once a day during Lent.—CLAIRTON, PA.

According to the common law of the Church, the precept of fast obliges those who have passed their twenty-first birthday and ceases to bind after their fifty-ninth birthday. Those who are not obliged to fast are not restricted to one meat meal on days when meat is allowed.

BOOK REVIEWS

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How to see the movies and still remain human two experts discuss the problem

MOVIES, MORALS, AND ART

By Frank Getlein and Harold C. Gardiner, S.J. 179 pages. Sheed & Ward. \$3.50

How are the movies making out as forms of art? How do they rate from a moral viewpoint? Working independently of each other, Frank Getlein, Art Editor of The New Republic, and Father Harold Gardiner, Literary Editor of America, come up with some answers that are sure to annov producers who worship the golden calf and to delight readers who are seeking to develop a mature outlook on motion pictures today. Getlein, working as art critic, and Father Gardiner, as moral critic, survey a wide range of problems, promises, impacts, and banalities that are found in the motion picture industry today.

Getlein concentrates on the art, history, and techniques of the cinema. Among other important facts, he points out that the motion picture came into existence as a commercial enterprise "with the profit motive in a dominant position right from the start." Older art forms of music, dance, painting, sculpture, and architecture originated in religious observance, or at least as a creative means of human expression. But those images we watch on the flickering screen were conceived with cold, hard cash as the goal.

Fortunately, many works of true art have found their way into this twentieth-century medium of communication, and a number of inspired artists have emerged in the cinema of almost every nation. Yet, to this hour, the complete possibilities of the motion picture remain unrealized in a tidal wave of trash spawned by the same profit motive which brought about the development of the films in the first place.

Getlein praises "what might be honestly described as Catholic movies, from the last, great silent film made in France, The Passion of Joan of Arc, to the French postwar films God Needs Man and Bernanos' Diary of a Country Priest . . ." But he deplores what he calls the "jolly-priest" movies, such as Going My Way, Come to the Stable,

and Say One For Me. He complains, "Catholics have accepted themselves at Hollywood's evaluation as a rather featherbrained pressure group," to be cheaply "bought off" with a religion-can-be-fun lollipop. His view of the biblical spectacle is equally dim. He concludes his portion of the book with this sharp criticism: "When Catholics allow the irritations of the industry to make Catholic interest in the motion picture exclusively a matter of holding

a sexual Geiger counter against décolletage and *double-entendre*, they write off art, demean sex, and betray religion."

Father Gardiner's concern, aside from the basic menace of immorality, is also with the jolly-priest approach as we might find it in the Bing Crosby interpretations, the unartistic spectacles wrenched from the Testaments, and the hard-core materialism of modern movies.

The screen's casual approach to marriage, its failure to emphasize the real meaning of human existence, the false values it places on the material aspects of life—these factors, in his view, are more insidious than the open immorality found in many films. Dangling before the young the lure of split-level existence, with overemphasis on the material and physical, is a potential danger of great magnitude.

"Treatment of In the chapter Themes," Father Gardiner considers the treatment of sin on the screen and the delicate problem of judging whether the treatment is moral or immoral. In discussing the highly controversial, Tennessee Williams film Suddenly Last Summer, he says: "Mr. Williams nowhere in the film says that sin is being committed. But the viewer who knows how to look at a film and how to judge cannot, it seems to me, escape the conclusion that this somber story is a deeply impressive commentary on the doom (eternal? temporal? Williams does not say nor does he have to) that lies in wait for the transgressor. There is no doubt in my mind that the Williams film is immeasurably more moral in impact than Hitchcock's North by Northwest. Suddenly Last Summer takes moral deviation seriously, if not precisely in theological terms; Hitchcock's thriller is most casual about moral implications."

The Catholic film-goer, he feels, must deepen his sense of responsibility in selecting fare, and no classification can absolve from the duty of facing one's self. To return to Suddenly Last Summer, which the Legion of Decency placed in a special classification for serious and mature audiences, Father Gardiner adds: "If you honestly and sincerely have to admit to yourself that

SIGNSURVEY

Reported for the May issue by leading Catholic book stores across the nation

- WE HOLD THESE TRUTHS. By John Courtney Murray, S.J. \$5:00. Sheed & Ward
- APPROACH TO CALVARY. By Dom Hubert van Zeller. \$2.95. Sheed & Ward
- 3. TO LIVE IS CHRIST. By Robert W. Gleason, S.J. \$3.00. Sheed & Ward
- 4. GO TO HEAVEN. By Bishop Fulton J. Sheen. \$4.50. McGraw Hill
- 5. THE DIVINE MILIEU. By Pierre Teilhard de Chardin. \$3.00. Harper
- 6. MARY WAS HER LIFE. By Sister M. Pierre, \$3.95. Benziger
- DR. TOM DOOLEY'S THREE GREAT BOOKS. Dr. Thomas A. Dooley. \$5.00. Farrar, Straus, & Cudahy
- COUNSELLING THE CATHOLIC. By Hagmaier & Gleason. \$4.50. Sheed & Ward
- NO LITTLE THING. By Elizabeth Ann Cooper. \$3.95. Doubleday
- THE CATHOLIC MARRIAGE MANUAL. By Msgr. George A. Kelly. \$4.95. Random House

New books
from the world
of Catholic
thought

The Life of St. Catherine of Siena

By BLESSED RAYMOND OF CAPUA. The classic biography of the poor dyer's daughter who became the advisor of kings and popes. A new translation, illustrated

The Everlasting Priest

By A. M. Carré, O. P. Answers many questions about the character, duties and functions of the priest today, and his place in the world, against the background of his eternal mission. \$3.50

The Interior Life

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JERRY COTTER.



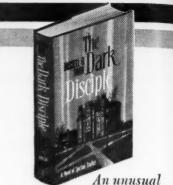
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The next time the college man passed the restaurant, he looked for the window sign. It read: "Clamb Chowder."

-John Brennan



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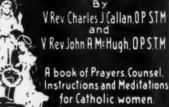
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THIS IS THE HOLY LAND

By Bishop Fulton J. Sheen, Yousuf Karsh, and H.V. Morton Hawthorn. 144 pages. \$4.95

It would be difficult to select a greater team to produce a popular book in words and pictures on the Holy Land than the three who collaborated on this beautiful production. It is similar in content and presentation to *This Is Rome*, which the same group published recently.

Bishop Sheen conducted the pilgrimage accompanied by his two grandnephews, Jerry and Fulton Cunningham, and the three appear in many of the photographs. The bishop contributes an excellent Foreword and Afterword.

There are seventy-three photographs, ten in full color, and all by the world-famous photographer, Yousuf Karsh. Readers of The Sign have been familiar with his work for many years. A picture story made up from photos in this book appeared in The Sign last month and an article on Mr. Karsh and his work appears on page 16 of this issue.

H.V. Morton is probably the world's greatest living travel writer. His book In the Footsteps of the Master is a classic on the Holy Land. In This Is the Holy Land he has written the text in simple and attractive style. He avoids archeological and historical technicalities of no interest to the general treader and treats with due respect local traditions regarding the authenticity of the sacred sites.

For the many who would like to make a pilgrimage to the Holy Land and cannot, this book is an excellent substitute.

RALPH GORMAN, C.P.

I WALKED WITH HEROES

By Gen. Carlos P. Romulo: Holt. 328 pages.

\$5.00

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Carlos Romulo

autobiography. He describes himself as "a small man from a small country." (As President of the United Nations, Romulo had to perch atop three telephone books so that delegates below the podium could see him.)

Romulo is perhaps best remembered as General MacArthur's aide-de-camp on Bataan and Corregidor. Since World War II, he has specialized in international diplomacy, being a spokesman

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Even Andrei Vishinsky praised Romulo during his tenure as head of the United Nations. Yet Romulo succeeded in circumventing the Russian veto against God. Kremlin representatives had fought strenuously, and successfully, against a "minute of prayer" during United Nations sessions. The first thing Romulo did after his in augural address before the assembly was to pound the gavel and insist on "a minute of prayer to the Almighty."

During his boyhood in a small Filipino village, Romulo saw his country win freedom from Spain only to lose it to the United States. He witnessed the "water cure," a method of persuasion used during the Spanish Inquisition and revived by twentieth-century American soldiers during the Philippine Insurrection. But there is no bitterness in these recollections. Times have changed, thanks to men like Romulo.

He is the only American ever to win the Pulitzer Prize awarded for accurately reporting, before World War II, Japan's blueprint for conquest.

Romulo has spent a lifetime in his struggle to gain freedom for his country and recognition for all small nations. His distinctions, his achievements, and the heartaches encountered on that road would fill a book.

They have. It is a warm one, written by a man with an open heart and mind for peoples of all shades of opinion and color.

The book is illustrated with photographs.

WILLIAM M. HEALY.

THE SACRAMENT OF FREEDOM

By John B. Sheerin, C. S. P. Bruce. 166 pages

This is a book about confession. It is addressed to the penitent and shows him how to profit more

fully, from his weekly, monthly, or even less frequent reception of the sacrament of penance. Father Sheerin,



\$3.50

Father Sheerin

editor of *The Catholic World*, chose the title *The Sacrament of Freedom* not merely to attract the eye but to indicate the theme of his book: "In striking off the chains of sin, the sacramental absolution leaves the penitent subject to temptation but free of the domination of passion. It does not confer a merely negative freedom, however. It gives a freedom *from* sin but a freedom *for* the love of God."

Clearly and fully, the author explains the nature of confession and its role as a means of grace and forgiveness. He discusses the renewed interest in confession among Protestants and makes some keen observations about the differences between confession and psy-

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Aiming to remove many popular misconceptions about confession, Father Sheerin analyzes at length the various elements of the sacrament-examination of conscience, confession, contrition, penance, and absolution. To each of these he devotes an entire chapter, and it is here, particularly, that the author's experience as confessor and teacher is manifested. In paragraphs interspersed with anecdotes, he answers many common questions and doubts, while offering a great deal of practical advice on how to make a good con-

In recent times, there have been some who opposed frequent confession of venial sins. To this question, Father Sheerin devotes an entire chapter. While showing how venial sins can be forgiven without absolution, he sets forth the advantages of the confession of such sins and offers some suggestions on how to confess and overcome them.

In two chapters that show the author's insights into the problems, Father Sheerin takes up the questions of temp-

tations and scruples.

To penitents (and to those who instruct penitents) this book is recommended as a great help in deriving the most profit from confession.

FINTAN LOMBARD, C.P.



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THE BELLS OF ROME

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A richly Catholic novel that is important because it is so deeply Catholic. The great Catholic novel it is not, for it has unevenness in the writing and plotting. But O, such a welcome relief it is from the present spate of Catholic novels, so-called, about wall-leaping nuns, erring priests, all-too-benign and understanding monsignori, and French curés immersed in gloom of their own psychiatric making in villages dripping with foglike sin.

This novel has a luminous quality. The heart and soul of the book is the Divine Presence in the most Holy Eucharist. It is the story of a young, Finnish convert-priest's quest for greater understanding of that infinite love of God for men-that miraculous caritas -that is commemorated at the Consecration in every Mass.

The young priest is a rather shadowy figure as the author traces his pilgrimage in and out of Rome. But that is properly so. It is the quest, not so much the quester, that is important, just as the Holy Grail shone brighter than the knights who sought it.

There are a brightness and lightness about the young priest's quest and truly delightful pictures in miniature of poor sections of Rome, of the Vatican Secretariat, of the devout mountaineers of the Abruzzi. The only sterile passages are a few didactic discussions among Scandinavians of the Roman colony. Since the book was first published in Swedish in Finland, the author

probably felt it necessary to expound a bit on Catholic doctrines to his Scandinavian, non-Catholic readers, He himself calls the book a modern "legend" about the Real Presence. h is more than that. It is a truly Catholic novel, which pays very slight obeisance to individual idiosyncrasies among men but rather centers itself upon God Him. self-a novel deeply provocative of prayer.

DORAN HURLEY.

AN ONLY CHILD

By Frank O'Connor. Knopf.

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Probably it was the public's all too cordial welcome to Shane O'Casev's interminable wailing-wall of an autobiography which inspired others of his countrymen to repeat the performance -with eloquence, but Frank O'Connor



hangers-on,

without the verbal beauty needed to brighten up a dreary story of dreary years. In An Only Child, Mr. O'Connor --whose ironic, Irish sketches have achieved a certain sophisticated popularity in this country-recounts the first twenty years of his life in and around Cork. The pattern is familiar: a halfdrunken but attractive father; a martyrlike mother (herself an orphanage girl with bitter-sweet memories) upon whom everybody, including the shy son, leans a little too heavily; persistent

poverty and hordes of unprepossessing

relatives, friends, and



expound finally, the youth's ambiguous entangles to his aders. He ment with the ambiguous Irish Revolution, his imprisonment, and his release. modern The author's picture of Irish schoolmen, sence. Catholic the clergy, and Irish life in general is definitely pessimistic. His own persistent beisance efforts toward a higher education and ong men his appreciative sketch of the "austerity od Him. and sweetness" of Daniel Corkery are ative of probably the book's high points. HURLEY.

Presumably, any more cheerful account of O'Connor's finding himself in literary achievement, his stormy domestic life, and his experiences here in the United States will be left for a future sequel-or sequels. But after all, we live today in a world where both time and bookshelves must be rationed and few autobiographies merit, or can hold, the reader's interest through more than a single volume.

KATHERINE BREGY.

THE CHURCH IN CRISIS

By Philip Hughes. Hanover House.

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The General Council is an institution that goes back to the earliest days of the Church and has always been of great importance in the life of the Church. The first of these General Councils is considered



Philip Hughes

to be the one held at Nicaea in 325. The latest was the Vatican Council begun in Rome in 1870. Pope John XXIII has called a Council to be held in the near future. The exact date has not yet been determined.

Each Council had its own reason for existence, either for declaring the exact teaching of the Church in a matter being disputed or for determining legislation designed to correct abuses in Christian life. In these gatherings, the bishops were never innovators of new doctrines but witnesses to the teachings of Christ.

The Councils have had tremendous effect on the life of the Church. Out of some has come the clarification of truth; out of others, reforms that restored the observance of Christian law.

This study of the Councils by Father Hughes places each Council in its historical setting, studies the growth of the controversy or situation out of which the need for the Council came, describes the leading persons influential in the work of the Council, summarizes the pronouncements and rulings of the Councils, and points out the historical links to the next Council. Father Hughes is a master historian, writing from the best available sources. There is an appendix evaluating the printed sources and an index. The book is a valuable aid for the student.

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Ry Barbara Ward. Norton.

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and given her independence in 1947. Since then, India has worked mightily to bring her people from a primitive agricultural economy to an industrial economy-from a society of widespread poverty to a society able to produce a sufficiency for all her people. With a potential mass market of 400 million people, with the world's largest iron ore reserves, and other vital, raw materials. India could become a leading industrial nation. But she desperately needs capital to harness the forces of science and technology so necessary to bring about this massive breakthrough.

The Reds have seen their opportunity to win over India to communism, and so they have granted low-interest loans and have given much technical help. Aid from the West has been generous but fitful and insufficient. India's commitment to the ideals of a free society hangs in the balance.

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The West brought India into the modern age: it cannot in conscience leave her to flounder now. If our wealth and comfort hold us back from this grave, moral duty to the masses of the poor, then "we shall not only suffer the fate of Babylon and Carthage. We shall deserve it."

EUGENE WALLACE.

WHOM GOD HATH NOT JOINED

By Claire McAuley. 159 pages. Sheed & Ward. \$3.00

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TO A CHAGGA ROSE*

by Rev. P. MacCathonhaoil

*A child of the Wachagga, a tribe on the slopes of Mount Kilimanjaro, Tanganyika, East Africa

I washed and dressed your wounds. Your big, brown eyes Were wide with wonder, seeing me stoop and dress Your little leg. It made me glad-the surprise You showed-yet sad. Was I the first to press The poison from those sores? No other cared? Yet you are lovely, lovely little Rose. It pained me much to see your soft skin scarred And marred with old neglected sores. And those Will stay to mar-not much, yet marring still-The beauty God endowed you with. I said: "I'll see those sores," you looked a little ill At ease at first, and blushed and hung your head. Don't fear, Sweet Rose. I till for Paradise. I tend the seed of a rose which never dies.

for secrets. So even when cloaked beneath the privacy of a pen name, it must have cost Claire McAuley a deep swallowing of pride to lay bare the secrets of her heart as unpretentiously as she does in this story of sin and repentance and a double vow of continence.

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She does not gloss over the familiar, feminine trickeries of self-deceit which made her feel convinced that God would "understand" her deliberate entrance into an invalid marriage. She does not go dramatic over her costly willingness to have children, even though they would be conceived illegitimately and reared in a home threatened with constant tension. She does not whitewash the peevishness which made her whine a little when "the cautious clergy" could not find a magic wand for wafting her back into righteousness.

Claire McAuley (whoever she is) is, above all else, markedly human-weak, often illogical, blessed with moments of mystic insight, yearning for heroism yet caught in the meshes of sin, afraid to be laughed at by a world which thinks continence is ridiculous, even as the price of salvation. Yet managing to be good-humored, while busily polishing her "tarnished halo."

For people who have made the same mistake as Claire, this book may be a breath of solace or a promise of hope. For those being tempted to make the same mistake, it may occasion a sin of presumption. But to everyone who does not oversimplify the mystery of human malice and divine mercy, it is an invitation to ponder the marvels of grace and the unearthliness of Christ. AUGUSTINE P. HENNESSY, C.P.

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nine, Norman was N. Bel Geddes
running in and out of saloons and bawdy

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His rise is pictured against the background of life in a midwestern canal town, by way of circuses, carnivals, and medicine shows. As an actor, he more than once had to leave town in a hurry, having laid a kingsized egg.

Recognition came with his work in poster design. He attracted wide attention with his portrait-sketching, and his subjects included Schumann-Heink and Caruso.

Bel Geddes hit his stride with stage designing (he originated the "diagonal axis" principle of theater planning) and is responsible for much of the stage lighting, scenery, stage, and auditorium design now in use.

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This book is studded with names of theatrical greats such as David Belasco, who pirated Bel Geddes' improvement in stage lighting; Morris Gest, whom Bel Geddes drove from the Century by dropping nails from the gridiron twelve stories above the stage; Frank Lloyd Wright, whose long-running feud with Bel Geddes over the design of the interior of an experiment theater ended in the abandonment of a worth-while project.

A dozen pages in the back list the Bel Geddes designs and inventions for stage and industry. Fascinating.

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working insects. Quite a different situation prevailed when pioneers began to settle in the New World. Wild bees were so numerous that few families lacked for honey.

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A Conversion

Virgil Barber, Episcopal minister at Fairfield, New York, in 1816 borrowed a book about St. Francis Xavier from a servant and was so impressed he borrowed more books on Catholicism from his ministerfather in New Hampshire. Spiritually troubled, he visited libraries in New York, spoke to his own bishop, called on Father B. J. Fenwick, S.J., at St. Peter's Church on Barclay Street, New York, for enlightenment, and several months later resigned his ministry. He and his wife and their five children, eight months to eight years, were all received into the Catholic Church.

The parents yearned to separate and join religious orders. After many difficulties and delays, Virgil Barber became a Jesuit novice, his seven-year-old son a Jesuit pupil. Mrs. Barber entered the Visitation convent as a nun and her three daughters as pupils. Father Fenwick's mother agreed to care for the baby until she reached school age. In June, 1817, the parents formally renounced each other before Archbishop Neale and others in the chapel at Georgetown College.

A year later, Virgil Barber, S.J., and a Dominican priest vacationed with Barber's parents in New Hampshire. As a result, Virgil's mother and her sister, a Mrs. Tyler and Mr. Tyler, and their four sons and four daughters became Catholics, one of the sons, William Tyler, later becoming Hartford's first Catholic bishop. The four daughters became Sisters of Charity. Virgil's son Samuel was ordained a Jesuit.

Mrs. Barber was a valuable Visitation teacher. Three of her daughters joined the Ursulines; the youngest became a Visitation nun and was at her mother's bedside when she died in Mobile in 1888.

And all because a servant-girl was reading a book about St. Francis Xavier. Maybe the saint had a hand

BY RALPH L. WOODS



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PHOTOGRAPHER'S SEARCH FOR GREATNESS

(Continued from page 19)

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she is the sublimest example of human courage. Although born deaf, she hears the still music of humanity as much as anyone and perhaps more of the heavenly harmonies. Although she is blind, with her inward eye she sees before her so much of the beauty of God's creatures."

Karsh wanted me to understand that his interpretation of greatness is not necessarily connected to fame. "One of my most memorable pictures is of an old Indian flown to a hospital in Edmonton, Alberta, for an eye operation. He had put all his worldly belongings in a white bag. And here is this massive forehead with all the serenity of the ages. He is just as important and great to me as any of the greatest."

"What quality do these great people have in common?" I asked Karsh.

"They are all melancholic," he said. "They have their sad moments and hours. They all have a great integrity and the sense of serving a cause—I use the word fanatically in its best sense. No matter what their goal, there is nothing that can sway them from going after it. You see it in Pope John, Churchill, Cassals. You see them putting all their being into the service of their work. And their work endures. Of necessity, they are lonely men, because that is necessary for them to create. I have not known gregarious people who have left enduring work after them."

As to Karsh's method for capturing the spirit of these people with an unering instinct for pictorial composition and a fine placement of highlight accents—he merely shrugged his shoulders and looked bored. "I can't answer that," he said, "any more than a writer can tell you how he puts down an eloquent phrase. But I will say this: I believe in apprenticeship. No one can succeed unless he has learned his profession well. I disciplined myself until it hurt."

When he was fifteen, Karsh, who was born December 23, 1908, in Mardin in the mountains of Armenia, was sent to Canada, where his uncle had a photographic studio in Sherbrooke, Quebec. The uncle took him to a Boston photographer, John Garo, under whom Karsh studied for three years. After this apprenticeship, Karsh returned to Canada and opened a studio in Ottawa. Photography had seized his imagination.

Amateur dramatics changed the course of his life, for at the Ottawa Drama League he met his wife, the cultured and sophisticated Solange Gauthier, a Frenchwoman brought up in Canada, and who died last January. The Governor General of Canada, the Earl of Bessborough, was a patron of the



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Drama League, and he sat ror a portra He was so impressed with the youn photographer that he introduced him Prime Minister Mackenzie King, who later arranged for the Churchill pictur -and Karsh was on his way.

The technical work mastered, the photographer must then become a shi dent of the humanities, Karsh says, " order to understand your subject and human nature. Armed with this knowl edge and hard work, you cannot fail

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Karsh went on, "If you could see me work, you would cry because I work hard. There is almost an electricity i the air, with the energy generated by tween the subject and myself. But after that, don't talk to me for ten minutes because I'm exhausted. Then I bound up like a rubber ball.

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-Peter Gilroy



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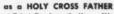
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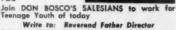
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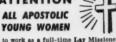
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